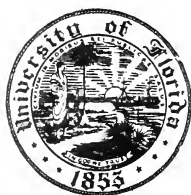


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*The Incredible
Giants*

BY TOM MEANY AND OTHERS

A. S. Barnes and Company

New York

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Preface

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN AS MANY YEARS, CIRCUMSTANCES altered choices in the selection of the subject matter in this new series of books on major league baseball clubs by A. S. Barnes and Co. After *The Magnificent Yankees* (1952) and *The Artful Dodgers* (1953), the publication choice for 1954 seemed to rest between two American League clubs in the West, the Cleveland Indians or the Chicago White Sox. However, in 1953, a brand new star flashed across baseball's horizon with the moving of the Braves franchise from Boston to Milwaukee and made *Milwaukee's Miracle Braves* inevitable.

Cleveland's Indians, scoring a record 111 victories to win the American League pennant and break the stranglehold of the Yankees, were considered "in" for 1955 publication—until the World Series opened. After the Giants ran roughshod over the Tribe in four straight, the first National League sweep of a World Series in four decades and the first National League World Series victory of any sort since 1946, the assembled material on the Indians was discarded. *The Incredible Giants* is the result.

That the Giants are worthy of this volume there is no doubt. I'm only hoping that this volume will be worthy of the Giants. A hopeless fifth in 1953, 35 games behind the pennant winning Dodgers, the Giants weren't given much of a chance for the 1954 pennant. Outside of the loyal votes of a few die-hards, the Giants weren't expected to finish in the first division. They took the lead in early June and never looked back, despite the fact that the Brooks managed to breathe down the back of their necks a couple of times.

In these days of shifting franchises and changing ownerships, the Giants are unique. They have been in the Stoneham family since 1919 and have been playing in the historic Polo Grounds since 1891.

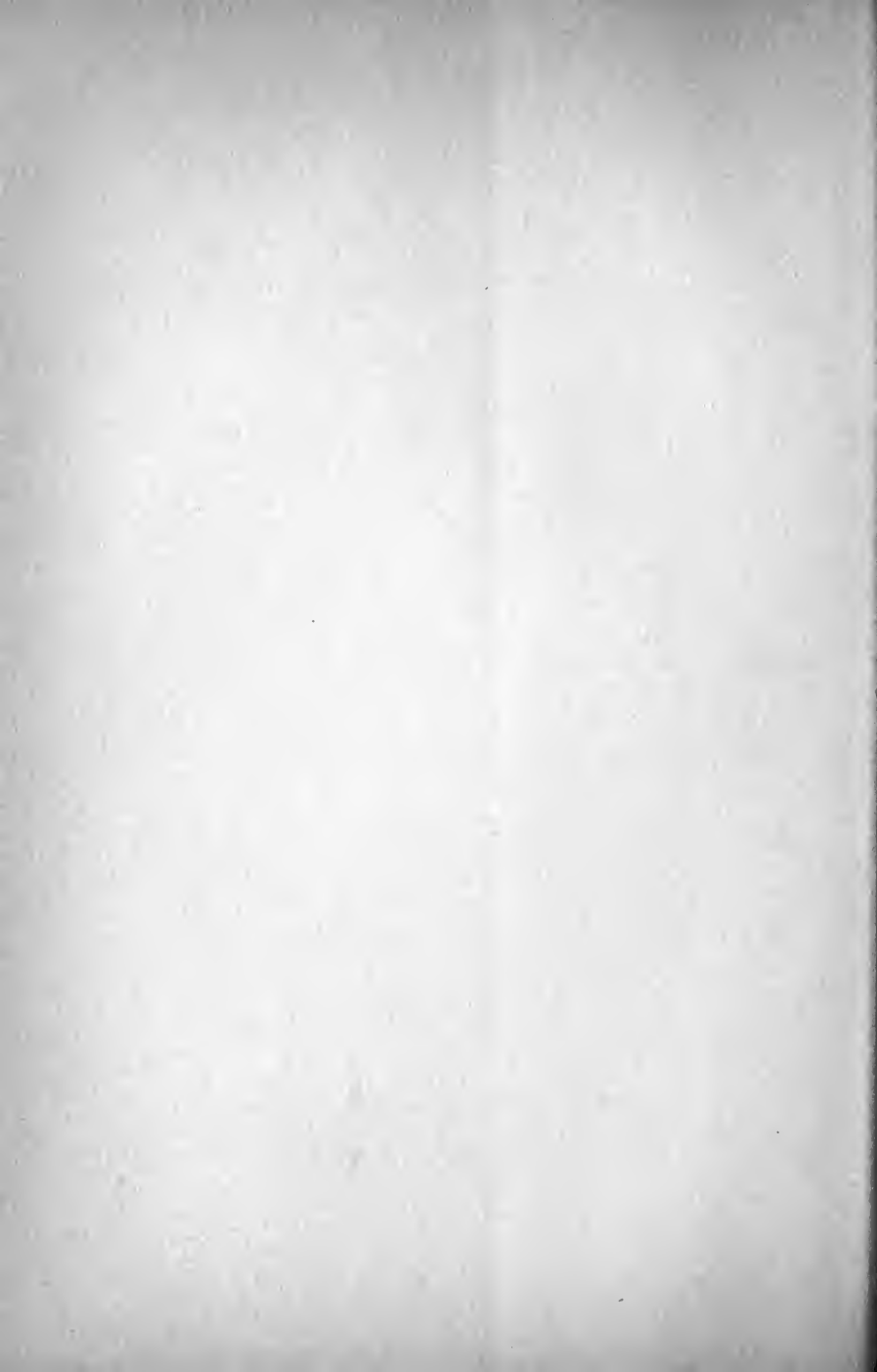
The authorship of this book is divided, as has been the case with the previous books in this series. Six of the writers who travelled regularly with the Giants, who have lived with the team through spring training, the regular season and, in happy years, the World Series, have contributed chapters.

I am grateful and appreciative of the aid of my co-workers in assembling this book. To Ken Smith, of the *Daily Mirror*, secretary of the Baseball Writers Association of America and a writer who has followed the Giants since 1927; John Drebing of the *New York Times*; Jim McCulley, of the *Daily News*; Barney Kremenko, of the *Journal-American*; Arch Murray of the *New York Post* and Charley Feeney of the *Long Island Star Journal* go my deepest thanks.

President Warren C. Giles of the National League has been most obliging to contribute a foreword to this book, which I appreciate greatly.

Garry Schumacher, director of promotion for the Giants, William F. Goodrich, of the publicity department, were of immense aid in the assembling of photographs and statistics. For permission to reprint the chapter of Willie Mays and the one on Leo Durocher, I am grateful to *Collier's Magazine* and *Sport Magazine*, respectively. And, as with the case with anyone who compiles a book on sports, the inevitable gesture of thanks to J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of *The Sporting News* and *The Sporting News Register*.

TOM MEANY



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Foreword

AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, IT IS ONLY natural that I should have a high interest in a book on baseball. Any book on any segment of baseball, whether it be major or minor league, professional or amateur or Little League, Pony League, Babe Ruth League or American Legion, is a contribution to the national pastime.

Naturally I welcome a book on the National League, particularly on a club which set such a high standard as the New York Giants. It is a personal pleasure for me, therefore, to contribute a foreword to Tom Meany's *The Incredible Giants* who did such a great job in sweeping the 1954 World Series from the Cleveland Indians.

National League triumphs in World Series competition have been hard come by in recent years. This was the first in my three years in office. My predecessor, Commissioner Ford C. Frick, was president in 1946 when last the National League won.

It was not only a team victory the Giants scored, it was a league victory, for New York was challenged from time to time during its great run to the pennant by both Brooklyn and Milwaukee, whereas Cleveland won 111 games in its own league to set an all-time record.

All this simply points up my gratification at being able to make a contribution to *The Incredible Giants*. They did great honor to their league and I am pleased that they are honored in this book. I've known Tom Meany since the mid-30's, even before I came to the National League to serve as general manager for the Cincinnati Reds under Mr. Powel Crosley, Jr., in 1937. I know of Tom's great interest in and close association with baseball, as evidenced by the many books, numerous magazine articles and thousands of newspaper stories he has written on the game.

I am sure that this book, *The Incredible Giants*, will be pleasant reading for Giant fans, National League fans and baseball fans in that order. I know I liked it.

WARREN C. GILES,
President, National League
Cincinnati, Ohio.

January 7, 1955

CHAPTER I

The Organization

BY TOM MEANY

There were giants in the earth in those days.

GENESIS, VI:4

IT HAS BEEN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY SINCE I HEARD the above text quoted—May 31, 1929, to be exact—and I've been trying to work it into an article on sports ever since. The occasion was a luncheon in honor of John McGraw and the Giants at his alma mater, St. Bonaventure's College in Olean, N.Y. The speaker was referring to the glory days of the Giants, 1921 to 1924, when they won four straight National League pennants, and voicing the hope that there would be "giants in the earth" soon again.

There have been Giants in New York since the beginning of time, or so it seems. They are the oldest of the three metropolitan major league teams. The New York Mutuels were charter members of the original

National League in 1876 and expelled after the first year, not to return until 1883, so that 1955 marks the seventy-third consecutive year of operation. Brooklyn came into the National League in 1890 and the Yankees didn't show on the New York scene until 1903.

It was Jim Mutrie, back in 1885, who, as president of the ball club, first called the team the Giants. They have had the nickname ever since, just as they have been playing in the Polo Grounds ever since 1891.

The Giants of this century have known fat years and lean ones. For the first three decades or thereabouts, the Giants and John McGraw were synonymous. It was their owner, John T. Brush, who purchased the Giants from the tumultuous Andrew Freedman and it was Brush who in 1905 formulated the rules under which the World Series are conducted to this day.

McGraw, a member of the famous Baltimore Orioles, jumped the Baltimore club of the infant American League to come to the Giants in 1902. A year later Brush bought the club from Freedman. A World Series of sorts was held in 1903 between the Boston Red Sox and the Pittsburgh Pirates in which each winning Red Sox player received \$1,182, approximately one-tenth of what each Giant player received in 1954 after the Indians had been polished off in four straight.

In 1904, fearful that the Yankees, in their second year in New York, would win the American League pennant, Brush contemptuously declared that there would be no World Series, that his Giants would not de-

mean themselves by playing against "minor leaguers." It wasn't that Brush and McGraw were fearful of the Yankees, or Highlanders, as they were then more popularly known, but that the rivalry was so bitter that neither wished to give the American Leaguers a chance to claim equal footing.

By 1905, the breach was gulfed and Brush drew up the rules under which the pennant winners still meet today. The Giants again won the pennant and Connie Mack's Athletics won the second of the nine pennants they were to win under him. They had won in 1902, but that was before the World Series had come to baseball. The Giants won this four games out of five, each game a shutout, Christy Mathewson pitching three and Iron Man Joe McGinnity one for the Giants and Chief Bender blanking New York for the lone Philadelphia victory.

In all, McGraw won ten flags with the Giants and was in the second division only twice, although the year he surrendered the portfolio to Bill Terry, 1932, the club finished in a tie for sixth. Terry won a pennant and a World Series in his first full year and won pennants again in 1936 and 1937. Mel Ott managed from 1942 until mid-season 1948 when Leo Durocher took over. Ott won no pennants and Leo won two, the famed play-off pennant of 1951 and the 1954 flag.

It is an injustice to try and encompass the rich history of the Giants into a single chapter but such are the exigencies of publishing. There was the McGraw cy-

cle, a rich, lush three decades of a type of baseball which is gone forever now, with stars like the incomparable Matty, Roger Bresnahan, Turkey Mike Donlin, Hooks Wiltse, Iron Man McGinnity, Larry Doyle, Buck Herzog, Art Fletcher, Red John Murray, Leon Ames, Josh Devore, Fred Snodgrass, Fred Merkle, Arthur Devlin, George Burns, Chief Meyers, Moose McCormick, Rube Marquard, Jeff Tesreau, Heinie Zimmerman, Benny Kauff, Ferdie Schupp, Slim Sallee, Hans Lobert and others.

The list of Giant stars is a long one. Those named above—and named only scatteringly, at that—are merely the men of McGraw before World War I. After, Mac had an entire new generation of stars—Frank Frisch, the Fordham Flash (maybe the greatest natural athlete who ever lived), Ross Youngs, Beauty Bancroft, Long George Kelly, Heinie Groh, Irish Meusel, Art Nehf, Pancho Snyder, Casey Stengel, Oil Smith, Jess Barnes, Phil Douglas, Rosy Ryan, Hugh McQuillan, Fred Lindstrom, Travis Jackson, Jack Bentley, Hank Gowdy, Billy Southworth, Hack Wilson, the ill-fated Jimmy O'Connell and the inevitable "others."

Some of McGraw's stars were inherited by Terry, who was one of the old man's very brightest stars, if not his closest friend. McGraw and Terry were realists. Each saw the other for what he was, each saw the other could help him and each aloofly accepted the help the other had to give. There was no warmth between them but there was an appreciation of skills.

The brightest star Terry inherited, of course, was Mel Ott, who later was to inherit the entire kit and kaboodle of the Giants from Terry. Bill had a great pitching staff bequeathed him by McGraw but Terry made the most of it by getting Gus Mancuso from the Cardinals to be his catcher. Under Mancuso's handling, Carl Hubbell, Fred Fitzsimmons, Hal Schumacher and Roy Parmalee blossomed into the best pitching staff in baseball in 1933.

Among those who made headlines and won games for the Giants during the reign of Terry were Jo-joe Moore, Blondy Ryan, Hughey Critz, Dick Bartell, Harry Danning, Adolfo Luque, Hank Leiber and Jimmy Ripple.

McGraw's star had set when Terry took over. The old man hadn't won a pennant in eight years and was harassed and aggravated by illness and an inability to understand the type of players under him. The parade had passed him by and there were times when open revolt was not far away from the Giants because of McGraw's imperious and autocratic rule.

The new Giants were Terry's Giants, just as the old Giants had been McGraw's Giants. Rarely has a manager, unless it was Joe McCarthy of the Yankees, had the complete respect and unswerving loyalty of his men that Terry commanded among the Giants of the '30s.

Like McGraw, Terry's authority was on the wane when he stepped down as field manager. His successor,

Ott, never had a chance. Mel was named manager at the minor league convention in Jacksonville, Fla., on December 2, 1941—five days before Pearl Harbor. In Terry's last three seasons, the Giants had finished in the second division, the first time in their history that had happened.

Ott brought his first club home third in 1942 and then beat Terry's record for consecutive second division finishes with four. In 1947, with a club that established a major league record for home runs with 221, Mel finished fourth and in July of the next season he was relieved by Durocher, whose career is traced in detail in the next chapter.

In justice to Ott, it should be pointed out that he started out with a second-division ball club, that World War II shut off the sources of talent and that front office trading was not conspicuous by its sagacity during his tenure.

Ott should be remembered as a Giant star, rather than as a Giant manager for there wasn't too much to manage with the clubs he had. Mel came to the Giants in late September, 1925 as a kid of sixteen and he left nearly twenty-three years later, leaving behind him a record of 511 home runs, the most ever hit by a National Leaguer. With Matty, Frisch and Hubbell, Ottie ranks with the all-time Polo Grounds heroes. Willie Mays may some day make a quintet with them in Cooperstown's Hall of Fame but they have this edge on Willie—they're already there.

The Stoneham family, through the late Charles A., bought into the Giants in January, 1919, and seem destined to be with the club as long as there is a New York National League franchise. The elder Stoneham, who died in January, 1936, had been a turf man and a stock broker but he was all baseball fan, although he preferred to remain in the background. Watching the Giants play from his office window high above the center field clubhouse was Charley Stoneham's idea of a wonderful time. He didn't live to see night baseball at the Polo Grounds and probably wouldn't have approved of it if he had.

When Horace C. Stoneham succeeded his father immediately after the latter's death, he, too, at first remained quietly in the background. He delegated a great deal of authority to Terry, who rewarded him with two pennants in his first two seasons; he listened to the advice of Leo J. Bondy, who held the purse strings of the Stoneham estate, representing Mrs. Charles A. Stoneham and Horace's sister.

Gradually, however, Horace began to take more and more of a leading part in the Giant affairs, to be on hand when trades were made and when trades were refused. It was he who made Ott manager and Terry general manager in the winter meetings in 1941, it was he who replaced Ott in 1948, it was he who accepted Terry's resignation one year after Bill had taken the general manager's job.

Stoneham knows the plant operation side of base-

ball as few, if any, major league club presidents do. He worked in the Polo Grounds as a ticket-taker, a ticket-seller, a turnstile-counter and in all the behind the scenes jobs which are part and parcel of opening a ball park for a ball game.

It was Stoneham who was the moving factor in the deal which brought Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky from Boston and Horace who made the decision which brought Johnny Antonelli to the Giants to win the 1954 world championship.

Like his father before him, Horace is a fan. Since he was less than sixteen, his life has been tied up with that of the Giants. In these days of big business in baseball, the personal touch has receded in many clubs but it actually has become intensified with the Giants, a fact the New York chapter of Baseball Writers took cognizance of in January, 1955, when they awarded the William J. Slocum Memorial Award to Horace for "meritorious service to baseball over the years."

Horace's first official move with the Giants in 1936 was to dismiss James J. Tierney, the club secretary and a man who had great influence with his father. In his place, Stoneham named Eddie Brannick, who has been a half-century with the Giants. Brannick went to work for Brush as an office boy but eventually he wound up, while still a kid, working for McGraw at the Polo Grounds.

It is doubtful if any baseball executive has as many

friends, or even knows as many people, as Brannick. As road secretary, he is in closer contact with the writers who cover the team than anybody else in the front office. In the winter, when news is dull on the baseball beat, Eddie's office on West 42nd Street is the gathering point for the writers. Here they come and chat with Eddie, pick up the Giant news and phone the Yankee and Dodger offices to see "what's new."

In 1937, the New York chapter threw a testimonial dinner for Brannick at the Hotel Commodore. It was such a success that similar dinners have been held annually, usually a week or two in advance of the chapter's annual dinner. He was given a lifetime gold membership card in the Baseball Writers Association of America. Significant, too, is the fact that Brannick was voted the Slocum Award for meritorious service several years before Horace, his boss, received it.

Brannick grew up on New York's West Side and later moved to the Bronx where he could long since have become a political figure, so great is his prestige, had he not been so enamored of baseball. It is literally impossible to estimate how many friends Eddie has made for the Giants in his fifty years of service with the club.

Less known than Brannick by far but important in the new look of the Giants is Jack Schwarz, who was hired by Terry back in the mid '30s as a sort of stenographer-secretary. Schwarz, who has literally grown up

in the Giant farm system, since there was none when he first came to the club, holds the rather unwieldy title of Secretary of Farm System and Scouting Department.

The Giants were late into the field in the farm system and for a while looked as though they were working it in reverse, for players brought up in the thirties from their No. 1 farm, Jersey City, soon passed down from the Giants to their No. 2 farm at Knoxville. Indeed, the first year the Giants had a farm at Jersey City, its outfield—Babe Herman, Fred Lindstrom and Smead Jolley—was older than the parent club's outfield of Mel Ott, Joe Moore and Jimmy Ripple.

In 1954, the Giants operated farm clubs at Minneapolis, Nashville, Sioux City, Danville, Va., St. Cloud, Muskogee, Mayfield, Danville, Ill. and Olean. Back in McGraw's day, the Giant scouting system practically began and ended with Sinister Dick Kinsella, for this was in the day of the personal approach and Mac relied on his friends to tip him off on likely looking prospects. Now there are no fewer than 21 scouts on the pay-roll.

That the Giant farm system would expand with the times was inevitable. Expansion and production don't always go hand in hand, however, and full credit for the farm crops reaped by the Giants must go to Carl Hubbell, general manager of the farm system. With all due deference to Marquard and Nehf, Hub was the greatest left hander to wear a Giant uniform. He is proving equally valuable to the Giants since he hung it up.

At the winter meetings in the Hotel New Yorker in December, 1943, President Stoneham announced that Hubbell was being put in charge of the Giant farm system. Everybody agreed that it was a nice, sentimental gesture, but what of it? What did Hub know about the minors, where he hadn't played since 1929? And what farms were there to handle, anyway, with the guns still roaring in World War II and D-Day six months in the future?

There were, as a matter of fact, exactly ten minor leagues in the country which operated in Hubbell's first year of office. The rest had suspended for the duration. Hub studied the situation from all angles, made sagacious suggestions to Stoneham and shortly after V-J Day, the Giants were on their way to the control of a productive farm system.

When Hubbell was the mainstay of the Giant pennant-winners of 1933, 1936 and 1937, writers hung the tag of "The Meal Ticket" on him. Terry, strangely sensitive for one so calculating, resented it at first, but later grew used to it. Events in the last couple of years have indicated King Karl is entitled to be called "The Meal Ticket" all over again.

One of the rising young men in the Giant front office is Horace's nephew, Charles S. (Chub) Feeney, who is handling more and more of the club's contract work. Chub holds the title of vice-president but does pretty much the work a general manager would do on

another club. Feeney came to the Giants after a hitch in the Navy whence he went after graduation from Dartmouth.

Gifted with a quiet sense of humor, Feeney has many friends in baseball. He doesn't throw his weight around and is considerate and respectful of others but he can stand his ground like a rock when he feels it is necessary.

It is a source of amusement to Chub that he is constantly being mistaken for Edgar P. Feeley, the club treasurer and its attorney. Feeley, who succeeded Leo Bondy on the latter's death in 1944, remains pretty much in the background through choice but the similarity between the names Feeney and Feeley is bound to cause a mix-up.

Whenever Chub goes to spring training or on the road with the Giants there is an even greater mix-up. Travelling with the club as a correspondent for the last few years is Charles V. Feeney of the Long Island Star Journal, who contributed a chapter to this book. With two Charley Feeneys with the club, the possibilities for confusion are enormous.

In charge of tickets for the Giants is Pete Hoffman, an able man who originally worked in a bank. There is a considerable gap between the strict formality of a bank and the sort of shirt-sleeve nonchalance with which a ball club operates but Pete pointed out one similarity between the two—the books have to balance.

Hoffman has authored several season ticket plans,

all of which have worked out to the financial betterment of the Giants. If Pete were asked to name his favorite Giant team of all time, the chances are that he would pick the 1954 club, since they clinched the pennant on September 20, giving him ten days until the World Series opened at the Polo Grounds. The 1951 club won in the ninth inning of the third play-off game on October 3 and the World Series opened next day—fortunately for Pete in Yankee Stadium. But play switched to the Polo Grounds on October 6.

Just as Chub Feeney, Horace's nephew and a grandson of Charles A. Stoneham, is on deck to see that the family supervision is maintained, so is another grandson of Charley, Horace's son, Pete. Like his dad, Pete, now in his late twenties, is learning the business from the ground up. Lesson No. 1 is that the customer is always right. At the opening game of the 1954 World Series, Pete surrendered his ticket to a VIP and viewed the game from a television set in the offices of the concessionaires, the Stevens Brothers, under the stands behind home plate.

Ernie Viberg, who is the manager of the Giants' downtown office, has been with the club for longer than he will admit and longer than anybody else knows. Ernie has three great enthusiasms—the Giants, the Eddie Grant Post of the American Legion and soccer. The Grant Post was named after the Giant player, a Harvard graduate, who, as an infantry captain, was the first major leaguer to be killed in World War I. There

is a monument erected in his memory in center field at the Polo Grounds.

Just as the Giants lagged in developing a farm system, so did they approach the promotional end of the game cautiously. Garry Schumacher, a writer for the New York *Journal-American* for many years and one of the most able baseball writers New York ever produced, was hired to head this department after the 1946 season. In 1951, Bill Goodrich, an ex-Marine and former sports writer for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was engaged to handle publicity.

All in all, the Giants' front office is pretty much of a family proposition and, as is inevitable in any family, there are squabbles. When threatened by outsiders, however, the Giants, like all good families, present a united front.

CHAPTER II

The Lip

(Leo Durocher)

BY TOM MEANY

AS A WORKING NEWSPAPERMAN, HAROLD PARROTT HAD had his share of run-ins with Leo Durocher. One time the Lip even tried to have Parrott barred from the Dodger clubhouse. Yet when Harold left the Brooklyn *Eagle* to become road secretary of the club he became quite friendly with Leo. It is one of Durocher's characteristics that many of those who fought him later lined up on his side. As witness the Giant fans, for instance.

In 1948 on July 4, a Sunday, the Dodgers were playing the Giants at Ebbets Field. They were trailing by 8 to 3 in the sixth inning when one of the umpires decided that Durocher had been giving them enough unsolicited advice for one day and gave him the rest of the afternoon off.

It was then Parrott decided to give the Brooklyn

manager the message he had received from the Brooklyn president, Branch Rickey, that morning when Rickey had summoned him to the Peck Memorial Hospital. Branch was undergoing a check-up, prior to departing for his farm at Chestertown, Maryland. The gist of the message was that it would be a nice thing for all hands if Durocher would resign.

"I dreaded giving Leo that message," said Parrott, "and put it off as long as possible. I was hoping we'd beat the Giants and then maybe it would work out better. Instead, we were getting beaten and Leo had been bounced as well.

"I went down to the clubhouse and Durocher was in his office shaving. The way he reacted to Mr. Rickey's message, I was glad he was using a safety razor instead of a straight one. 'If Rickey wants to fire me, he'll have to make a special trip up here from Chestertown and do it himself,' he said, 'because I'm not going to quit. And you can tell him that.'

"While we were talking Stanley Strull, the clubhouse boy, came in to tell us Roy Campanella had hit a home run with a man on and now Brooklyn was behind 8-5. Leo didn't pay too much attention and in a little while Stan rushed in again to tell us that Campy had hit another with two on and the score was tied. Durocher got up and left.

"We eventually won the game in extra innings and the players were surprised that Leo didn't wait for them in the clubhouse to congratulate them, because we had

been in a losing streak and beating the Giants was a big deal.

"The Fourth being on a Sunday, we played a holiday double header with the Phillies at Shibe Park on Monday. Rex Barney won the first game, 3-1. I was seated by myself in the club box behind our dugout and when the game was over, Leo pounded with his fist on the top of the dugout and yelled to me, 'That's one more they can't take away from me.' The players, of course, didn't know what he was talking about.

"For the next few days, Leo really lifted the club by its bootstraps. I never saw anything like it. We actually went on a short winning streak."

Regardless of Operation Bootstrap, Durocher knew he was through as a Dodger manager. What he didn't know was that it was going to turn out to be the best break in his checkered career, for over at the Polo Grounds, President Horace Stoneham of the Giants had been looking on his manager, Mel Ott, with a jaundiced eye.

Durocher and Stoneham had a common friend in Bill Corum, sports columnist of the New York *Journal-American*. Leo called Bill on the Sunday night after Rickey's ultimatum and Bill called Stoneham. That was only the beginning. Horace liked the way Barney Shotton had handled the Dodgers when serving as interim manager for the suspended Durocher in 1947 and Barney was now serving as chief trouble shooter for the Dodgers.

So as not to be accused of tampering, Stoneham arranged to meet Rickey in the offices of Ford C. Frick, then National League president. He sounded out Rickey on the availability of Shotton and all of a sudden the Mahatma saw an ideal method of unloading the stubborn Durocher.

The last time the Lip wore a Dodger uniform was under unusual circumstances. It was in St. Louis on July 13 as manager of the National League team in the All-Star game. On July 16, the Giants announced that Ott had been relieved as manager and was being replaced by Durocher. It was the most astounding piece of news Giant fans ever received, far more of a shock than when John McGraw had quit in 1932. It was bad enough for their sensibilities that Ott, a Polo Grounds' hero for more than twenty years and a player who never had worn any but a Giant uniform, should be discarded, but to bring in Durocher from Brooklyn—that was unthinkable. The fans were at first incredulous and then indignant.

It was a bad ball club which Durocher inherited from Ott. Leo told Stoneham bluntly. "This isn't my kind of club." And slowly Durocher began to change it until he had his kind of club.

All this was in the future, however. The Little Miracle of Coogan's Bluff, that great rally from 13½ games out in mid-August to win the 1951 pennant in the ninth inning of the third playoff was still three years away. In the meantime, Leo was to have rough sledding.

When Durocher took the job as Giant manager, he was on the spot. Resented by the majority of the Polo Grounds clients, and indeed by some of the writers travelling with the club, it was all uphill for Leo. And in the background was Commissioner Happy Chandler, who had found Durocher such a convenient whipping boy in 1947, when he unfrocked him for reasons which remain obscure. Now, after the miracle victory of '51 and the sweep of the 1954 World Series from Cleveland, Durocher rides high. And Chandler is in his old Kentucky home, forgotten by baseball.

Durocher had an extra weapon at his side when he made the climb back after his 1947 suspension. Laraine Day, his third wife, was a tower of strength to Leo during the dark days and she threw herself whole-heartedly into his work, even to the extent of doing some of the post-game TV shows at the Polo Grounds.

Under the subtle handling of Miss Day, Durocher matured and mellowed. His halo might hang a bit loosely from his ears, especially when he makes unguarded statements at Hollywood banquet tables, but he is practically a top-hatted diplomat compared to the Durocher of the old days.

Thalmann, Georgia, is a whistle stop so tiny that its name is spelled incorrectly on some of the maps, which leave out the second "n." Its population is listed as 100, but that must include the scrub cattle and the razorback hogs as well as the human beings. The only reason that Thalmann is even a whistle stop is because

one of the directors of the Seaboard Railway found it convenient to have the through trains stop there so he and his Wall Street chums could visit the nearby Georgia coastal resorts of Sea Island and St. Simon's. Incidentally, the town of Thalmann, if you can call it a town, is named for the railroad man.

There weren't any bankers or brokers waiting to board the Orange Blossom Special when it groaned to a protesting stop there one brisk February night in 1928. There was only Uncle Wilbert Robinson, the Falstaffian genius of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and a pair of baseball writers—Garry Schumacher and myself. We had just completed a brief vacation at Uncle Robbie's hunting camp, Dover Hall, and were headed for Clearwater, Florida, and the start of Spring training.

As soon as the porter hustled our luggage aboard, he informed us in hushed tones that Babe Ruth was in the car ahead, bound for the Yankee training camp at St. Petersburg, a few miles south of the Dodger base at Clearwater.

The porter didn't have to tell us the Babe was aboard, because we soon heard his booming basso profundo. We found him in a poker game, nickel and a dime, with Eddie Bennett, the hunchback mascot of the Yankees, Pee Wee Dougherty, the clubhouse kid, and a fourth, a young man in his mid-20's, chunky, well put together, and obviously a ballplayer.

Babe dealt Garry and me into the game and per-

formed the introductions to the stranger by asking, in approved Ruthian fashion:

"And what's your name again, keed?"

"Durocher," replied the stranger. "Leo Durocher."

That was the first time I ever saw Durocher, but I've seen a great deal of him in subsequent years.

Somehow it was prophetic that the first glimpse of Durocher was in a card game. Here he was, bound for his first major-league training camp, sitting in at a card game with the greatest figure baseball had ever known, as cool, as at home, as though he had been a Yankee all his life.

Durocher looked the part of smart money even then. Ruth was in an eye-arresting dressing gown of blue, trimmed with burnt-orange, but Babe's personality and physical proportions were such that he would have been a standout no matter what costume he was wearing. Leo sported a smart business sack suit, and looked for all the world like a successful customer's man. There was nothing of the busher's yokel clothing about him, nor any of the busher's shyness. Before the first hand was over, he was calling Schumacher and me by our first names, telling us when to bet, who raised, whose deal it was, and so on. Leo hadn't yet reached training camp but he had already taken charge.

Since that night on the Pullman car leaving the Georgia whistle-stop, I've seen Durocher in many places—in the Stork Club, in a World Series, in a tent some

700 yards from the front lines at Loiano, Italy; in other card games in widely separated places, and in the defendant's box before a Grand Jury. I've seen him on the spot many a time—but I've never yet failed to see him get off the spot.

The publicity attendant on Durocher's third matrimonial venture in 1947 resulted in a Chicago newspaper carrying a story that Commissioner Chandler was considering the suspension of the Brooklyn manager. This was promptly denied by Happy, on the same day it appeared. Yet only two days later, at a Dodger press conference, Branch Rickey, in answer to an abstract question, declared that, in his opinion, the private life of a ballplayer was very much the concern of the Commissioner.

Previously, an assault charge brought against Durocher by John Christian, a fan considered extremely loud-mouthed even in Flatbush, was a source of embarrassment to Rickey, even though Leo was adjudged not guilty by a jury of his peers. Rickey is as publicity-conscious as any executive in baseball, and more so than most, but when his manager is on the front pages, Branch would prefer to have the subject-matter baseball, rather than felony charges, divorce actions, or dice games. And you can hardly blame him.

In fact, the relationship between Rickey and Durocher is strange indeed. Although Leo is publicly on record as saying "Mr. Rickey has been like a father to me," there must have been times when Branch would

have liked to exercise the paternal prerogative of the woodshed.

Rickey is an intense moralist, almost Puritanical. He has rehabilitated many a baseball character. Among his most notable reformatations are Gabby Street and Billy Southworth. Both were almost down-and-out when Branch took them unto his bosom and brought them back uphill to the point where both won pennants and notable World Series victories for the Cardinals—Gabby over the mighty Athletics in 1931, Southworth over the all-conquering Yankees in 1942.

Many profess to see in Rickey the traits of the Biblical shepherd, who worried not about the ninety-and-nine of his flock that were safe, but over the one which had strayed into the night. Others believe Branch's philosophy is that each lost soul redeemed constitutes a gem in his own heavenly crown. It is these who refer to Leo as "Rickey's favorite reclamation project."

That Rickey was a tower of strength to Durocher in those uncertain days when Leo was being shuttled from the Yankees to Cincinnati to the Cardinals, there is no doubt. It was Branch who helped straighten out his tangled personal affairs in 1934 when, at the height of a torrid pennant race, Leo married Miss Grace Dozier, a prop to him in his troubled moments, even though they were divorced after nine years.

As a manager, Durocher has one great gift of leadership. While he never hesitates to take advice from a subordinate, he never second-guesses the lieutenant

when things go wrong. This is a quality to be found in only a handful of managers, major or minor, and it is a splendid asset. Confident that he won't be blamed if his suggestion goes wrong, such a coach is twice as valuable as the coach who keeps his mouth shut to avoid trouble.

Durocher leaves nothing to be desired as a tactician. Leo is a gambler, however abhorrent that word may be to baseball's higher circles. His philosophy is nothing ventured, nothing gained. There is no manager in baseball today as resourceful as The Lip. He has lifted the squeeze play from obscurity and made it standard operating procedure. The Lip gets more runs home from third base with the squeeze bunt than the other 15 major-league pilots put together. The solo theft of home, an almost forgotten play, was revived by Pete Reiser under the guidance of Durocher.

If Durocher has a flaw in his managerial make-up, it is that he frequently loses patience with his younger players. Leo, who was always quick to grasp things himself as a player, can work himself into a lather over a rookie who is slow on the uptake.

Although Durocher is admittedly a successful manager, he is the only manager who had his own players strike against him. And not because of labor troubles. In 1943, Leo told Tim Cohane, then a baseball writer, that Bobo Newsom had been suspended because he criticized the catching strategy of Bob Bragan. Cohane informed the other baseball writers of Durocher's statement, and the story was printed.

When the ballplayers came to the park next day, they staged a protest meeting in the clubhouse at Ebbets Field. Headed by Arky Vaughan and Dixie Walker, they demanded that Durocher tell the truth, which was that Newsom had been suspended because of a verbal run-in with Leo. The story, as Durocher gave it to Cohane, pictured Leo as coming to the defense of a young player who had been unjustly criticized by a veteran, whereas the suspension actually had come as the result of Durocher's personal differences with Bobo.

The Dodgers, after much persuasion, took the field that day and scored more than 20 runs, but Vaughan was not in uniform. Next morning there were only two stories on the front page of the conservative *New York Times*. One told the story of the Dodger rebellion; the other carried the news that the Allies had landed in Sicily.

Caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, Durocher took the easy way out. He denied he had told Cohane that Newsom had been suspended for criticizing Bragan. That soothed the players but didn't soothe Cohane. In an unprecedented move, Cohane then went before the Dodger players in the clubhouse and told the squad exactly what Durocher said.

With Leo sitting quietly by, in itself a minor miracle, Cohane questioned Newsom and the other players. Durocher admitted that what Cohane had printed had been what he told him, but that it was not the real reason for the suspension of Newsom. Like so many other

jams in which The Lip has been involved, this one, too, blew over, but Bobo went to the Browns on waivers within a few days.

Unlike many big-league managers, Durocher is not one to take his troubles to bed with him. Leo can file and forget his mistakes and his misfortunes within a few hours after they happen. He is no brooder, nor does he bear a grudge. With one exception, which shall be related later, The Lip finds it easy to let bygones be bygones. Forgiveness comes naturally to him, and if he called some player an uncomplimentary name, which he has on occasion, he would be positively amazed if the player still resented it the next day.

Because Durocher can shed his cares at the end of a ball game, it doesn't follow that he takes his duties, or his defeats, easily. Although his multitudinous extra-curricular activities may create the impression that managing is a sideline with him, this is not the case. Managing is Leo's vocation; the rest of his activities are merely avocations. His ability to put his worries behind him serves the very laudable purpose of keeping him sane.

I doubt if I ever saw Leo actually worried, unless it was when he was standing trial on the charge of assaulting a fan. This was rather a complex case, in which Durocher pled not guilty, but in which it was brought out that he had paid the plaintiff \$6200 before the case came to trial to forestall any civil action. It didn't take the jury long to acquit Leo and I'll bet he hasn't given the case another thought since the verdict was returned.

Durocher has such supreme self-confidence that he can't imagine others not sharing his own opinion of himself. An evidence of Leo's imperturbability regarding the opinions of others came to light in the Summer of 1942. Stanley Frank, then a New York sportswriter, wrote a fiction piece for the *Saturday Evening Post* in which there were two rather thinly-disguised characters, one of whom was recognizable as Babe Ruth, the other as Durocher. Leo was portrayed unflatteringly as a bully, a braggart, and a sneak thief.

It was pretty raw stuff. The day the story appeared, the Dodgers were playing at the Polo Grounds and one of the Giant players—the finger points to Bill Werber—put a half-dozen or so copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* on the Dodger bench, all opened to the page which carried Frank's story. Leo never noticed the magazines, or if he did, he didn't get the significance. When he went to the first-base coaching box, and the Giant bench began riding him and asking if he had read the *Post*, Durocher seemed genuinely surprised. He asked his own players, "What the hell post are those guys talking about?"

Durocher did read the story later and his reactions were understandable. Far from dignifying the ugly implications with a denial, he merely remarked that he would belt the bowl off Frank the next time he caught up with him. And then trample him with his spikes. Merely for the record, it must be reported that the paths of Durocher and Frank, either through accident or de-

sign, didn't cross for nearly three years. When they at last met, Durocher was in a midtown restaurant dining with Jim Mulvey and his wife, who own 25 per cent of the Dodgers. There was no action.

When Durocher told people he was going to take Frank apart at the first opportunity, he wasn't merely running off at the mouth. Leo has great physical courage and never had any hesitation about tackling anybody. When he came up with the Yankees as a rookie, he told off Ty Cobb the first time he saw him. In 1939, he pitched into big and burly Zeke Bonura at the Polo Grounds. When Van Mungo got into his famous jam in Havana in 1941, Durocher faced him alone in the clubhouse. Doc Wilson, the Dodger trainer, was there with a firm grip on an ice-pick. But Leo shooed him out and met Van's challenge alone. Nothing happened, but Leo faced the issue, and Mungo, squarely.

Durocher proved his moral courage after he was waived from the Yankees to Cincinnati. He had run up some bills around New York and Commissioner Landis ordered them paid out of his Cincinnati salary before it was handed over to Leo. The Yanks, when Durocher left them, had been World's Champions, whereas the Reds were tail-enders, operating on a short bankroll. If Leo hadn't had determination and unbounded self-confidence, he could have become a baseball bum, drifting along with the tide. The Lip, however, had expansive and expensive tastes. He wanted dough, and the only means he had of obtaining any were with his baseball

talents. Therefore he continued to bear down with the Reds and was quickly recognized as the best shortstop in the National League, perhaps in baseball.

Early in his fourth season with the Reds, who were heading for the cellar again, Durocher was taken by the Cardinals in a trade for Paul Derringer. By the next season Leo was in the thick of a pennant fight again, the sparkplug of the never-to-be-forgotten Gas House Gang, one of the most colorful clubs ever assembled, which participated in one of the most exciting of all World Series fights, the seven-game Series of 1934.

It is doubtful if any ballplayer, before or since, was in his element as much as Durocher was with the Cardinals. The Gas House Gang were his kind of guys, from Pepper Martin, who drove a midget racing car for relaxation, to Dizzy Dean, who once held out because he thought his brother Paul wasn't getting enough money. And this despite the fact that Paul was satisfied with his terms, had signed his contract, and was in camp working out!

The Gas House Gang won only one pennant, 1934, and won that on the last day of the season, but they were so spectacular that they are rated, by players and fans alike, far higher than teams which won two or three pennants in a row.

Although Branch Rickey has been a great benefactor to Durocher, Leo also owes a great deal to Larry MacPhail. It was Larry who gave him his first managerial chance, a chance that even Leo's critics will admit

he has made the most of. The Dodgers had been in the first division twice in eight years before The Lip took over. Under Leo they were out of the first division once in nine years.

There are almost as many legends about the relations between MacPhail and Durocher as there are about Dizzy Dean. And the Larry-Leo stories have this in common with the Dean saga—they're 100 per cent entertaining but only 10 per cent factual. Listening to a few of the stories being retold about The Lip and his first boss, you get the impression that MacPhail fired Durocher every hour, on the hour.

MacPhail, for his part, denies that he ever fired Durocher, but I know that Larry did bounce Leo once, back in 1939, before The Lip ever reached the Clearwater training camp. Durocher had taken the battery men to Hot Springs for a preliminary boiling out. There he got embroiled with a caddy who had tried to swipe one of his golf clubs. He also managed to win a large cash prize at a bingo game.

MacPhail called up and burned the phone wires. He left instructions for Andy High, a scout, to be put in charge of the squad and for Leo to return to New York. Durocher sat up half the night, planning a course of action. Finally he decided to phone MacPhail in the morning. The Lip was prepared to plead his case, but by then Larry was off on another tack entirely and wouldn't even discuss it with him.

One story about MacPhail firing Leo is that Duro-

cher was given the air the very night he guided the Dodgers to their first pennant in 21 years. The Dodgers clinched the pennant in Boston and there were some 50,000 screaming Brooklynites preparing a triumphal welcome for them at Grand Central Terminal in New York.

MacPhail went up to the 125th Street Station to greet the Dodgers and complete the journey with them. Durocher, however, had ordered the train to go on through, as he suspected some of the players would leave the train at 125th Street to duck the reception. So the train sped by, leaving Larry on the platform.

MacPhail and Durocher finally met at the Hotel New Yorker that night and had a furious row, but it had nothing to do with the train not stopping at 125th Street. Larry had some ideas on how the Dodgers should split up their World Series shares, and Leo told him he wouldn't be admitted to the meeting. So irate did Durocher become that he refused to leave his room later in the night and pose with MacPhail for the newsreels. And any time The Lip ducks a sound-camera, you know it's serious.

If you've known Durocher a long time, you gather the impression that a great many of the things he does grow out of boredom. Essentially a man of action, Leo rarely reads, not even the Western-action type of literature highly esteemed by many ballplayers. On train trips, there is no such thing for Leo as sitting still. If he has to sit still, he insists on playing cards or taking a

nap. There is no one who can relax as thoroughly as Leo. I've seen him fold his arms, close his eyes, and be dozing in a matter of seconds.

Of his family or of his boyhood in West Springfield, Massachusetts, Durocher never talks. On at least two occasions over in Italy I was with Leo when he ran across men who had known him in his youth, and apparently his boyhood was as normal as that of the average American kid of modest means in a town the size of West Springfield.

The handout biography of the Giants is remarkably skimpy on Durocher's childhood. It records the fact that he was born at West Springfield on July 27, 1906, and comes to a dead stop between that date and the time he reached Hartford in the Eastern League some 19 years later.

Durocher's first job of record was fixing motorcycles and storage batteries for a Negro who ran a small repair shop. Leo was getting \$60 a week but proved so proficient that he was taken into partnership. He took a two-week vacation to work out with Hartford, returning to the machine shop when he found he couldn't get the job away from the regular Hartford shortstop.

An injury to the regular shortstop forced the Hartford club to sign Durocher and once in the line-up, Leo, as always, never looked back. The keen eye of Paul Krichell, Yankee scout, saw in Durocher possibilities far in excess of his anemic .220 batting average. Krichell paid \$7500 for Durocher, a fact which prompted

Paul's boss, Ed Barrow, to ask him if he were losing his mind.

Krichell assured Barrow that Durocher could be a great shortstop and cited a long list of top major-league shortstops who were weak batters. Ed saw the point and the deal was made. Leo prepped for a year at Atlanta and another at St. Paul, and has never been in the minors since.

Ted McGrew, who was in close association for many years with Durocher as a Dodger scout, first met Leo when The Lip was playing with St. Paul and McGrew was an American Association umpire. Leo enjoys repeating the story of that first meeting, which McGrew concluded by remarking, "Young man, you're as fresh as paint." Leo was and he still is.

Durocher's love of action extends to his automobile driving. He once volunteered to drive the same McGrew from California to the Dodger training camp in Florida. On the open road, The Lip had the gas pedal down to the floor board. They covered about 1000 miles the first day, and when they crawled into a hotel, completely exhausted, they left a call for six the next morning. After Durocher rose and dressed, he pounded on McGrew's door and told him they were ready to take off again.

"Not me," yelled Ted from behind the bolted door. "I've got this door locked, and it's going to stay locked until you get out of town. I'm finishing this trip by train."

Although Durocher is the polished and urbane

man-about-town now, at home anywhere from the New York "21" to Ciro's in Hollywood, with a stopover at the Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador, he has changed but little from the rough, tough rookie who came up from St. Paul to make himself at home with Babe Ruth and the rest of the world-champion Yankees.

Then, as now, nothing fazed Durocher. In his early days with the Yankees, Leo would visit Jack Doyle's pool room after it had shut down for the night, with the regular customers gone home. The professionals were playing among themselves—and for high stakes too. Leo would grab a cue from the rack and challenge the best of them.

Durocher is a remarkable pool player, although his habit of talking to his opponent when the latter is lining up a shot might not be considered ethical at the better billiard academies. As a matter of fact, most of Leo's talking, whether from the dugout in a ball park or in the midst of a poker game, is done for the express purpose of upsetting his competitors. He plays a good game of gin rummy, but hasn't the patience to be a top-flight bridge player. Here again his eagerness for action betrays him. He can't sit still long enough to be dummy.

Although he loves the night spots, Durocher is no booze-fighter. In fact, he is quite abstemious, even for an athlete. I doubt very much if Leo would consume a dozen highballs or a dozen bottles of beer from one year's end to another. Milk is still his favorite beverage.

As a dresser, The Lip could give cards and spades to half the male leads in Hollywood. His suits and shoes are expensive, and he literally has dozens of them. His shirts are monogrammed and custom-made, his ties hand-painted. For toilet water, he prefers Chanel No. 5. When Leo dresses *pour le sport*, he resembles a page out of *Esquire*, and when he wears a dinner-jacket, he looks as though he never was caught without one after dark.

The thing, of course, which marks Durocher as a man apart is his voice—brassy, strident and rarely stilled. Leo never hesitates to express an opinion on any subject. And he never hesitates to pirate the opinions of others and palm them off as his own, assuming, of course, that he respects the intelligence of the person whom he first heard voice the opinion.

Durocher did a great deal of work for the USO during and after the war. He volunteered to go overseas in January, 1944, with Danny Kaye, another of his theatrical chums. Kaye, however, couldn't get a clearance from his draft board, and the trip (it had been planned for the CBI) was called off. Leo, however, toured Southern camps with Kaye almost up to the day the Dodgers were scheduled to begin their Northern Spring training at Bear Mountain, a few miles up the Hudson River from New York City.

After the 1944 season ended, Durocher, in company with Nick Etten, Joe Medwick, and myself, toured North Africa and Italy. When the 1945 season was

over, the war, too, was over, but Leo passed up the World Series and toured the Pacific, including the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan with Kaye. Danny is one of America's top entertainers, but GIs who saw the show preferred Durocher, the baseball monologist.

For all you may have read about red-necked ball-players, baseball is not without its suave personalities. When he mellowed in his later years, John McGraw could fit in anywhere, with anybody. When Bill Terry chose to turn on the charm, he made a welcome guest in any drawing room.

Yet I doubt if anybody in baseball moves about as freely, in as many varied circles, as Durocher. On his USO tours, The Lip was equally at home with the enlisted man and the top brass.

Durocher has the knack of adapting himself to situations. That he learned this expediency the hard way there is no doubt, but it is a trait which has stood him in good stead. Leo's native intelligence and amazing resiliency make him a hard man to keep down.

Not the least amazing trait of Leo's is his ability to make good his boasts. Durocher runs off at the mouth quite a bit, particularly when he has an audience, yet he comes through more often than not. That is why it is a good rule never to sell him short, no matter how often you find him on the spot.

The more you see of Durocher through the years, the more you realize how rash it is to make any pre-

dictions about him. You wouldn't have given a nickel for his chances when Rickey succeeded MacPhail as the boss-man in Brooklyn, yet Leo was still there, as large as life and twice as noisy.

When Rickey came to Brooklyn, he was upset over reports that there had been a great deal of gambling on the club in the 1942 season, that there had been card games for high stakes, and much wagering on the ponies. The Mahatma made it plain that any gambling other than modest nickel-and-dime games must cease, instantan and forthwith.

Durocher hit the sawdust trail with a vengeance. In a mass interview with the press, immediately following Rickey's pronunciamento, The Lip declared that all gambling, other than for five-and-ten Woolworth stakes, was outlawed on the Brooklyn club as of that moment, and that neither he nor any of his players would ever again look a form sheet in the face. He had hardly finished this virtuous declaration when he was called out of the conference room to answer a phone call.

As Leo left the room one of the writers remarked, "There goes a reformed man—pro tem."

One last anecdote about the inadvisability of selling Durocher short. When we were at Fort Totten, New York's aerial POE, waiting to go to Italy, I was idly speculating on our chances of getting to Rome and gaining an audience with the Pope.

"I hope we do," remarked Durocher idly, "because I know the Pope."

"You what?" I asked incredulously.

"I know the Pope," replied Leo calmly. "I met him out in St. Louis in 1934 at Archbishop Glennon's house when he was over here as Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal delegate."

Turned out he had, too.

CHAPTER III

The "Say-Hey" Kid

(Willie Mays)

BY TOM MEANY

WHEN WILLIE MAYS WAS VOTED THE MOST VALUABLE Player in the National League by a committee of 24 members of the Baseball Writers Association of America at the end of the 1954 season, it was duly noted that the Giant star was the first ever to win the MVP in his first full season. It shouldn't have caused any surprise, for life with Willie is merely a succession of firsts.

There literally is no telling how far Mays can go in baseball, any more than there is any telling how far he can go for a baseball. As long ago as 1951, when Willie, a kid of nineteen, was called up by the Giants from Minneapolis, Manager Leo Durocher was raving about him. "I wouldn't trade Willie for any player in baseball—DiMaggio, Musial, Williams or anybody," declared The Lip. At the time, while Mays' undeniable

skills were appreciated, it was thought that Leo was overstating the case. It turns out he was right all along.

The writer who first tagged Willie "The Amazin' Mays" had something. The kid from Alabama is truly an amazing player. The catch he made on Vic Wertz of the Indians in the first game of the 1954 Series in all probability won, not just that game, but the Series for the Giants. In the annual poll conducted by baseball's bible, *The Sporting News*, the majority of sports writers singled out this catch as the most exciting play of 1954 in any sport, not just baseball.

When Wertz came to bat, Cleveland had men on first and second and none out. It was the eighth inning and the score was tied, 2-2. The Indians hadn't scored against Sal Maglie since this same Wertz had tripled home two runs in the first inning and the Giants hadn't scored against Bob Lemon since the third. The 52,751 fans at the Polo Grounds were silent in an agony of suspense, aware that the big moment was coming up.

Durocher, playing the percentages, lifted Maglie and brought in a young southpaw, Don Liddle, to pitch to the left-handed batting Wertz, who had made three straight hits. Liddle threw a ball, got over a called strike to even the count and then Wertz fouled one off. Vic hit the next pitch about as far as a ball could be hit in the Polo Grounds and still stay in the ball park. It sailed dead to the bleachers just to the right of center.

Mays took one look, turned his back on home plate and ran like a thief. He never looked again until

he was within a couple of feet of the barrier, when he glanced backward and took the ball in his gloved hands over his left shoulder. He quickly whirled and fired the ball back to the infield, falling as he did so. That was all the pitching for Liddle that day, Marv Grissom taking over and holding the Indians at bay until Dusty Rhodes delivered a three-run pinch-homer in the tenth.

I was sitting next to Joe DiMaggio in the press box when Mays made his catch. The Yankee Clipper agreed with the rest of us that it was one of the best catches he ever saw and then went on to point out why he considered it a great catch.

"As remarkable as the ground Willie had to cover to make the catch—and he just did get to the ball—was the judgment he showed in not letting the fence scare him," said DiMaggio. "There is no trick to catching a ball in the open field, no matter how far it is hit, as long as it stays in the air long enough. The test of an outfielder's skill comes when he has to go against the fence to make a catch."

Mays was a hit with the Giant fans from the day he joined the club in 1951, even though he made only one hit in his first 21 times at bat in a Giant uniform. It was then he picked up the "Say-Hey" nickname. Willie didn't know too many of the other players on the club and, being unsure of names, he simply yelled, "Say, hey!" whenever he wanted somebody's attention.

Mays, on the bench, or in the clubhouse, is the spirit of the Giants. He talks a lot, laughs a lot. When

he rode out on the bus with the other National League players for the All-Star game in Cleveland in 1954, Charley Grimm, the Milwaukee manager and one of the National League coaches, declared "Mays is the only ball player I ever saw who could help a club just by riding on the bus with it."

Willie, in demand for personal appearance these days, is perhaps not as gay and as carefree as he was when he first came up. It was then that Bill Roeder of the *World-Telegram & Sun* said of him, "Willie answers all your questions breathlessly. He sounds like a guy who has just been told that his house is on fire."

Mays is a baseball genius but a kid in the ways of the world. The only time he is sure of himself is when he is on the ball field, whether it's the Polo Grounds, a street in Harlem where he used to play stickball with the neighborhood kids or a ball park in Puerto Rico, where he played winter ball in the 1954-55 season.

When Willie learned he could play winter baseball, he was like a kid who had been told that there were *two* Christmases. Or that Santa Claus was twins. Ripping out base hits and roaming the outfield for Santurce in the Puerto Rican League, he was completely happy, even though he didn't have a word of Spanish at his command. Willie can hit and field in any language, including the Scandinavian.

It wasn't any happenstance that Mays spent the first winter of his stardom in Puerto Rico. The Giants officials, confident that they have as their property

the greatest baseball player to come along since Babe Ruth, pondered how to keep Willie happy between seasons. Winter baseball was the logical answer.

When Mays returned from the Army in 1954 to set the baseball world afire, he became a national figure. And Willie, at twenty-three, didn't know how to be a national figure. He only knew how to play ball.

Winter baseball in Puerto Rico was something Willie understood. There were familiar faces there. Herman Franks, the Giant third base coach who managed Santurce, Reuben Gomez, Willie's teammate and dozens of others, including some who had played with Mays when he was with the Birmingham Black Barons in the Negro League. It was all down Willie's alley.

Mays was a tremendous hit in Puerto Rico. He led the league—natch. The fans even learned to drop "*Ole! Mira!*" the Spanish equivalent of "Say-Hey" and to chant "Say-Hey" like a football cheer every time Mays came to bat. Willie's basket catches, his rifle throws and his slashing base hits sent the Islanders into ecstasies. When he dashed around the bases or the field and his cap fell off, as it inevitably does any time Willie gets up steam, he was applauded as vigorously as a 52nd Street stripper coming down the stretch.

Frank Forbes, the Giant scout, a New York state boxing judge and an old Howard College athlete, accompanied Mays to Puerto Rico and revealed that Willie was a little unhappy in his first few days there. "He had a real nice apartment, three rooms, maybe

nicer than he had to himself before in his life," said Forbes, "but he just couldn't get over the fact that when he came home at night, there was nobody there to say 'Hello' to him."

Forbes explained that Mays grew up in Alabama as one of a large family of 10 half-brothers and half-sisters and that in Harlem, his landlady, Mrs. James Goosby, clucks over him like a mother hen. "He just couldn't get used to being alone when he first came to Puerto Rico," said Forbes. "Willie likes people." It might be added that people like Willie, too.

Mays went to Puerto Rico primarily to play ball and secondly to escape the confusion which enveloped him in New York. When fame descended on Willie like a hailstorm in the summer of 1954, he found himself being dragged from banquet table to television station like a guy running for office. There were fees, to be sure, and sizeable ones at that, but Mays gladly would have passed them up for the sake of some peace.

Willie had hoped that the outside involvements would end with the World Series. Instead, they increased. He had all sorts of extra-curricular offers, including a bizarre, and somewhat suspect, bid to take part in a floor show at a Las Vegas night club. The Giants, knowing that they have something special in Mays, keep him wrapped in jeweler's wool, insulated from the fast buck chasers by club officials and by members of Art Flynn Associates, his agents.

Willie played the day after he landed in San Juan.

He would have played the day he landed except that it rained. Franks, his manager, told him he only had to make a courtesy appearance, to pinch-hit or pinch-run. "I came down here to play, Herm," said Willie and play he did. He made two hits in his first game and played center field at Parque Sixto Escobar as if he had been born and brought up there. It is, it may be parenthetically noted, probably the only ball field in the world named after a bantamweight champion.

If Mays has a fault, it is that his throwing is undisciplined. It was thought that perhaps Franks might have had some specific instructions from Durocher for handling Mays.

"Instructions?" repeated Franks. "What could you tell Willie? He doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink and he loves to sleep, so you don't have to worry about him being in shape. Maybe he shouldn't go after that first pitch so often, but that's the way he is. His throwing could be somewhat more restrained, but his one idea is to get the ball and fire it home as quickly as possible. If Willie lets a fellow get an extra base once in a while because of his throws, it's nothing compared to the extra bases he takes away from 'em."

"When you've got a boy like Willie you don't burden him with instructions," interpolated Tom Sheehan, a Giant scout. "Would you try to teach Native Dancer how to run?"

Durocher has given Mays his head ever since the boy joined the club after the start of the 1951 season.

When Willie got off a plane in the spring of 1954 and hit a ball over the center field fence at Phoenix in his first time at bat, Leo winked at the sports writers and said, "Why tinker with a guy like that?"

The affinity between Durocher and Mays is out of this world. Willie takes every word of Leo as gospel. If the Lip tells Willie to ask the umpire to inspect the ball, Mays won't step into the batter's box until it is done.

On an open date in Puerto Rico in October, 1954, Pedrin Zorrilla, owner of the Santurce team, took some of the players out to his beach house at Mar Chiquita, some 40 miles from San Juan, for a pig roast. Willie attacked the pig as avidly as though it had been a fast one right down the middle and then settled down to talk baseball with Buster Clarkson, Santurce third baseman. Baseball, incidentally, is one of the few subjects Mays discusses. The others are sports clothes and automobiles.

Clarkson, who had hit 42 home runs for Dallas in the Texas League that season, is a Negro infielder who was born about five years too early to take full advantage of Branch Rickey's emancipation proclamation. Before the erasure of the color line in baseball, Negroes had to take their play and their pay where they found it, which usually was south of the border. Buster was talking about playing baseball in Mexico under Adolpho Luque, the Cuban who once was one of the National League's craftiest right handers.

"Smartest cookie I ever played for," said Buster appreciatively. "He had different signs for every player on the club and it seemed like he had a sign for every pitch. I don't see how he remembered them all. And, brother, you had to remember them or he'd fine you big if you missed one."

"I couldn't play for a man like that, I declare I couldn't," squeaked Willie in the high pitched voice he lapses into when excited. "I just like to be let alone when I'm playing. That's why I like Leo. He never bothers me, just lets me go 'long my own way. Oh, mebbe if we're a run or two behind in the late innings, I look over to him to see should I take or hit but mostly I'm free."

As a matter of fact, Durocher had Willie bunt only once during 1954. It resulted in a runner being thrown out at third. The Giants lost the game and Mays never was asked to bunt again.

The only advice given Mays since he first joined the club was a suggestion midway in the 1954 season that he modify his stance. Willie had been batting from a full spread and a semi-crouch. Durocher got him to bring his feet somewhat closer together and to stand more erectly. The results of the new stance were amazing, even for Mays.

Willie hit his 36th home run off Alpha Brazle of the Cardinals on July 28th in the 99th game on the Giants' schedule, a pace which was better than Babe Ruth's in 1927 when he smashed his record of 60 hom-

ers. Although he played in 55 more games, Mays hit only five more home runs, one of them inside the park. If this sounds as though the pitchers had solved Willie, don't kid yourself. He was batting .326 when he changed his stance and he batted .379 from that point on, to wind up leading the majors with an impressive .345 average.

The dip in home-run production and the boom in Mays' average were the result of the altered stance. Willie's power had been against high, inside pitches. Pitchers were keeping the ball away from his strength and were pitching low and outside. With the new stance, Mays was ripping this ball into right and right-center for base hits. Individual glory (homers) was sacrificed for the greater good of the team (base knocks).

Mays didn't stick to his new stance entirely during 1954. In the first two games of the World Series, he spread himself and tried for the fences but Bob Lemon and Early Wynn were able to get the ball past him and he didn't make a hit. Durocher talked with Willie on the plane to Cleveland and Mays modified his stance in the two games there, batting .444 and raising his Series average to .286.

In Puerto Rico, Mays used the modified stance for the first couple of weeks, batted up around .500 but hit no home runs. Then he went back to the spread and hit homers in four consecutive games. As the season progressed, Willie alternated the stances, allowing him-

self to be governed in many cases by the type of pitching he faced.

The one chink in Willie's armor is his impatience. He hates to let the first pitch go by if it is within range. In the 1954 Series, Willie chased the first pitch eight times and made only one hit, twice missing it for strikes and going out on it five times.

In these days, when players are switching to lighter and lighter bats, Mays is something of an oddity, swinging a 39-ounce club. Willie has amazingly powerful forearms and biceps, which account for him being able to whip the bat around so quickly and so strongly. Mays believed that his hitch in the Army developed his arms.

"I loved the calisthenics," explained Willie, "and they used to let me lead the new batches in the setting-up exercises. I think all those push-ups I did made my arms bigger."

The first time Durocher ever saw Mays was in 1951 at Melbourne, Florida, where the Giants had their minor league clubs training. That was the year that the Giants and Yankees swapped training bases for the spring, the Yankees going out to Phoenix and the Giants taking over St. Petersburg. Willie had been purchased from the Birmingham Black Barons the year before on the recommendation of Scout Eddie Montague. He had finished out 1950 with Trenton, New Jersey, in the Interstate League, batted a cool

.353, with only four home runs however, and was earmarked for advancement all the way up to Minneapolis in the American Association.

It was love at first sight. The pepper and hustle of Mays made a great impression on Leo and he confided to Fred Weatherly, *Daily Mirror* cartoonist, that he was going to have Mays on the Giant squad as soon as he could. Weatherly probably was the first New York newspaperman to even hear of Mays.

Durocher was all for kidnapping Willie then and there and carting him right back to St. Pete with him. Rosie Ryan, general manager of Minneapolis, squealed in protest and held on to Mays but Ryan knew then that his number was up.

Mays was allowed to remain with the Millers through 35 ball games. All he did was to bat .477! When President Stoneham called him back to the Giants, the howls in Minneapolis could be heard as far away as Milwaukee. Stoneham took large ads in the Minneapolis papers to explain why he had called Willie up but Willie's batting average explained that.

Although Mays didn't hit .300 in his first year with the Giants, evidence of his power was there in the 20 home runs he lashed. He made, as he still does, many spectacular fielding plays, including one in which he caught his cap with one hand and the ball with the other. Mays' cap was always falling off as no Giant player's cap had since Frankie Frisch came from the Fordham campus in 1919.

Mays was an inspiration to the Giants in that first year but when he went away to the Army in May of 1952, the bottom dropped out of things. The Giants managed to stay close to the Brooks but never looked strong enough to make the Dodgers worry over a repetition of the miracle of the year before. It wasn't long after Willie had entered service that Charley Dressen, the Dodger manager and the victim of the '51 miracle, was able to publicly proclaim, "The Giants is dead!" Dressen was wrong grammatically but factually he was as right as rain.

From the very beginning in 1954, Mays was red-hot. He delighted 32,397 opening day fans at the Polo Grounds by belting a pitch from Brooklyn's Carl Erskine into the upper deck in left to break a 3-3 tie and give Sal Maglie another victory over the Dodgers.

As Mays' home runs increased, so did the outside pressure on him. It was the beginning of the log jam which caused him to seek sanctuary in Puerto Rico that winter. His aunt, who had been a foster mother to him after the death of his own mother, died in Alabama in July and Willie left the club to attend the funeral. He missed three games, the only games he missed since joining the Giants.

Mays received \$1000 a month and expenses for playing in Puerto Rico. He obviously could have made more than that by hanging around New York and making personal appearances but the Giant officials decided that Willie would be better off playing ball. He

had an offer to go with a barnstorming team but Durocher nixed that, on the advice of Hank Thompson, Giant third baseman.

"Willie can't play ball unless it means something," said Thompson. "He'll be much better off playing in the winter league."

In addition to being named MVP in the National League, further honors were bestowed on Mays when the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers Association selected him as the player of the year at their annual dinner in January, 1955, and presented the Sid Mercer Memorial Award to him.

Branch Rickey, Jr., head of the Pittsburgh farm system, watched Mays play a couple of games in Puerto Rico and made an interesting observation.

"You can tell more about players in a couple of games down here, than you can in a couple of weeks in the States," declared the Twig. "Down here you can tell who likes to play and who doesn't. In the States, there's always a manager putting pressure on the player, but down here the boys are on their own. The guy who puts out down here wants to play. And the fellow who likes to play will help your club."

That about sums up Willie. He likes to play. And he's pretty good at it, too—maybe the best there is today.

CHAPTER IV

The Captain

(Alvin Dark)

BY TOM MEANY

JACK BURKE, JR., ONE OF AMERICA'S FIRST FLIGHT pro golfers, was red hot on the winter circuit in early 1952. He was sharing the sports page headlines with the news from the major league training camps and was the subject of many an interview and magazine article. One of Burke's interviewers, seeking for some facets of his personality other than his golfing background, casually asked him if he were interested in any other sport.

"I'm interested in all of them," smiled Burke and went on to tell of football and baseball games he had seen. He was asked if he had any particular favorite among the other professional athletes.

"Alvin Dark, the shortstop of the Giants," said Jackie promptly. "Although I've never met him, I think

perhaps he might be the greatest all-around athlete in America today. Living in Houston, Texas, I saw Dark play considerable football with Louisiana State and I think he was as good as any of the top backs we've had in the Southwest. And I've seen him play golf. He's remarkable. He shoots in the low or mid-70's consistently and remember it's only a sideline with him. He isn't at it daily as we touring pros are. If golfing were his only sport, he could probably become a winning professional."

Burke then showed considerable knowledge of Dark's baseball ability. "He's only been in the big leagues four seasons," continued Jack, "and he's been in two World Series and was the key man, or one of the key men, in both the 1948 pennant won by the Braves and the one the Giants won last year (1951). And he had only one year in the minors after coming out of the Marine Corps before he went to the majors."

Excusing the understandable hyperbole Burke employed in calling Dark "the greatest all-around athlete in America today," Jackie's description of the ball player's general skills was a fairly accurate estimate. Dark does anything well that he puts his mind to. And he's the type who doesn't do anything at all unless he puts his mind to it. Incidentally, Burke and Dark have since met.

Dark is a deceptive athlete. There are times when he seems awkward, when his approach to a play seems all wrong. He hasn't the smoothness of a Marty Marion

or the flashiness of a Scooter Rizzuto but when his work is finally assayed, it is discovered that Alvin is right up there with the best.

Dark, who had passed his thirty-second birthday when he reported to the Giant training camp in Phoenix in 1955, has not the experience commensurate with his years. There are reasons for this. Alvin, although you'd never suspect it to look at him now, was sickly as a child. Until he entered Lake Charles High School, Dark had been battling malaria and diphtheria and never was able to play much of any sport. His childhood ailments behind him, Alvin bloomed as an athlete at Lake Charles High and with the Louisiana State Tigers, starring in all sports.

Dark received a bonus of \$40,000 to sign with the Boston Braves, about which more later, but before he could report to the Braves, he served a hitch with the Marines. The 1946 season was nearly over when Alvin was able to join Boston. He played a dozen or so games with the Braves, without causing anybody to light bonfires in the streets and was farmed to the Milwaukee Brewers in the American Association. There, in the words of the late Jack White, long the Giants' No. 1 fan, Dark "led the league in everything but stolen sweatshirts." He went to bat more often than anybody else, scored more runs, made more putouts, more assists and, inevitably, more errors.

Because Dark's talents are not always discernible at first glance, Billy Southworth, who was to manage

the 1948 Braves to their first National League pennant in thirty-four years, didn't fall all over himself to find a spot for the LSU star when he reported. Indeed, Dark, who was to become the National League's Rookie-of-the-Year and to be a key man in the pennant drive of the Braves, spent the early weeks of the season on the bench, while Sibi Sisti played shortstop.

The Braves, during the 1948 spring training season, made a deal which was to have a big effect on Dark's baseball career, although nobody, least of all Alvin himself, suspected it at the time. Boston obtained Eddie Stanky from the Brooklyn Dodgers. The trade won the 1948 pennant for Boston and made a big league star of Dark.

When Dark finally took over the shortstop job with the Braves, he was teamed up with Stanky at second base. Of entirely different backgrounds, indeed, of entirely different personalities, the two hit it off as few keystone combinations ever have. Al studied Stanky carefully and Eddie helped Dark wherever he could.

The most important thing Stanky taught Dark was the value of being on his own. Eddie, more familiarly known as The Brat, was an undersized guy who had to fight for everything he got. "Learn to play the hitters on your own," Stanky advised Dark. "I'll help you if you need it but you're better off doing things on your own."

Halfway through the season, Stanky broke his

ankle sliding into third in a game against Brooklyn and was not ready for duty again until the Braves finally got into the World Series against Cleveland. It was then Dark learned how solid Stanky's advice had been, for he was now teamed up with Sisti at second. Had Al fallen into the habit of using Stanky as a crutch, he would have been lost. As it was, Dark had now learned to play them on his own and needed no help. Nor has he needed any since.

Dark recognized in Stanky a competitive spirit which matched his own, although most of his fire was hidden, whereas Eddie's was on the surface. And The Brat had a far lower boiling point than the mild-mannered Dark. Nevertheless, their competitive spirit was a great bond between them and they spent much of their time off the field together.

"We weren't after-hours guys," Stanky told me one day. "We were malted milks and movie guys and some of the other fellows on the club couldn't see it our way."

A Boston paper published a story that Stanky was preempting some of Southworth's prerogatives during the 1949 season. The story, which had to do with Eddie putting on the hit-and-run with Pitcher Warren Spahn on first base, was erroneous in that Stanky was guilty of no managerial infringement, but Southworth gave only a half-hearted denial to the yarn, which prompted Stanky to call for a show-down.

Things were not running smoothly with the Braves in '49 after their pennant winning season of the year be-

fore. The Stanky-Southworth flareup was but one of many incidents, none of them related one to the other, which eventually resulted in Billy the Kid taking sick leave with the season about two-thirds over, Coach Johnny Cooney finishing out the season as pro tem leader.

Boston finished fourth that season and a full share of the Series prize money amounted to \$331.66. When the Braves' shares were being split up, there was some discussion as to whether Southworth should receive a full or partial share. Commissioner Chandler ordered a full share to be paid to Billy but that didn't settle the matter. The unpleasantness lingered on.

"When there was an argument about whether Southworth should receive a full share, Dark and I were among those who didn't think so, merely on the principle of the matter, since the money was too small to quibble over," Stanky explained. "We were only two of about a dozen who felt this way but our names were the only ones mentioned."

Southworth was back after the season and it was obvious that he wasn't too keen over either Stanky or Dark. Thus it came to pass on December 14, 1949 that President Horace Stoneham of the Giants was able to make a momentous announcement. "We have traded Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, Buddy Kerr and Sam Webb to Boston for Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky," said Horace to reporters in New York's Hotel Commodore.

It was a deal which was to benefit the Giants immensely, although Stoneham regretted having to toss Gordon, a Polo Grounds favorite, into the deal. Horace privately expressed some fears that Webb, a pitcher, might be the "sleeper" in the deal. For the records, Webb got in some sort of wrangle with the Braves' front office, refused to report and never has been heard of, baseball-wise, since.

Stanky drew most of the headlines in the story, particularly because bad blood supposedly existed between him and Durocher over the trade which had sent him from Brooklyn in 1948. Yet Dark was the main prize in the deal, for it was Alvin's ability to make the double play which the Giants needed.

Although he hasn't Stanky's flair for the spotlight, Dark is a determined young man, who knows his mind and is prepared at all times to stand up for his rights. During the winter of 1952-53, there was a lot of talk about Daryl Spencer, a shortstop the Giants were bringing up from their Minneapolis farm.

Durocher raved over the possibilities of Spencer, who had batted .294 with the Millers. Daryl finished out the 1952 season with the Giants and Leo saw in him the shortstop of the future. Dark could play third, Leo explained, or maybe even second.

Dark thought otherwise. He must have reasoned that while a shortstop, which he was, could command a \$30,000 salary, which he did, the economic standards

for third basemen were different. He read the panegyrics about Spencer and told the Giant front office that he would like a two-year contract.

During spring training in 1953, Durocher continued to be high on Spencer. Dark didn't like the way he was being rubbed and when Leo called a press conference to explain his feelings about Dark, Alvin attended, himself, presumably to express *his* feelings about Leo. The tempest died in the teapot, as so many tempests do, but it boiled merrily for awhile.

Spencer got his chance and, although he hit 20 home runs, it was obvious he wasn't in Dark's class. Not yet, anyhow. The Army called Daryl at the end of the 1953 season and there was no one to dispute Dark's right to play shortstop with the Giants. If, indeed, there ever was anybody.

As well as being a competent athlete—and competence is the word for Alvin—Dark is a forthright gentleman. He had no desire to become controversially involved with Durocher, any more than he had with Southworth years earlier but merely acted as he did because he felt it was duty.

On the subject of duty, and Dark's ideas on it, no better example could be given than his contributing one-tenth of his share of the record World Series pot of 1954 to the Trinity Baptist Church of his home town of Lake Charles, Louisiana. That his donation of the traditional tithe gained Dark widespread publicity came as a sur-

prise to him. Rest assured that the donation was not made for such purposes.

After the 1954 World Series, and/or because of his generous donation to his parish, Dark was much sought after as a luncheon and after-dinner speaker. Few, indeed, were the evenings he could spend at home with his family, his wife, the former Adrienne Managan, whom he married after the 1946 season, or his three children, Allison, Gene and Eve. He spoke as you would expect him to speak—sincerely and to the point.

Although Dark rates up with the first flight of shortstops, his great value to the Giants is his hitting. Joe DiMaggio called him the "Red Rolfe type of hitter." By that the Yankee Clipper meant that Dark was the ideal batter for the No. 2 spot, the type of hitter who could bunt or drag, hit behind the runner or push the ball to the opposite field. "Anything," said Joe, "to keep the rally alive and give the fat part of the batting order a chance to come up with men on base."

In the field, Dark has a steady but not remarkable arm; a good range, which has improved since Durocher allowed him to play deeper, whereas Southworth had him playing shallow. He gets a good jump on ground balls and can go over a fair piece of ground for a pop fly. Thanks to the hours of practice he spent with his ex-roomie, Stanky, Alvin is a good double-play man, either feeding or pivoting, and sound on tag plays around the bag.

Although Dark will make better than average plays, he has a tendency every once in a while to goof off on a routine play. In the eighth inning of the third game of the 1954 World Series, for instance, Al made an amazingly bad throw of an ordinary grounder hit to him by Al Smith. There simply was no explanation for it, particularly in view of earlier plays he had made in the Series.

An idea of the regard in which Dark is held by the Giant officials is made plain in the reaction of one of them after Willie Mays had been named the National League's Most Valuable Player for 1954. "I was kind of hoping Dark would get the award," said this official, who preferred to remain anonymous. "Alvin was a great help to us in winning this pennant. So was Willie, of course, but Willie is only twenty-three and there are plenty of chances for him to be MVP in the future."

Although Dark stood up on his hind legs when Durocher seemed determined to make Spencer his shortstop in 1953, there is no coolness between the shortstop and the manager. Indeed, Al regards Leo as one of his prime benefactors.

"Leo stuck by me in the early part of 1950, when I first came to the Giants and couldn't seem to get started," explained Dark. "The fans were on me—and they were entitled to be on me, the way I was playing—yet Durocher stood by and kept telling me not to worry, that I would soon come out of it."

Another great move by Durocher was to make Dark the team captain of the Giants. Joe King, baseball writer of the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*, reveals the inside story of Leo's decision which paid off even better than The Lip had hoped.

"When Stanky and Dark came to the Giants from the Braves, the writers travelling with the club naturally assumed that Eddie would be made the captain," related King. "After all, Eddie was the 'holler guy' and we knew all about him.

"I casually happened to mention to Durocher one evening at Phoenix that he probably soon would be naming Stanky captain. 'Not necessarily so,' said Leo. 'Look at it this way—Stanky has the pep and the zing. We know he will deliver. Why not make Dark the captain and try to build a little confidence in him? A boy like him can take charge in a hurry. I think I will make him captain, if Mr. Stoneham will go along.'"

Horace agreed and Dark, already a good ball player, became a better one. Al seemed to feel that, as captain, it was proper for him to express his opinions in the clubhouse, something he hitherto had avoided. He is a team man in the true sense—whether he, individually, has a good day doesn't matter. A club victory is all that counts.

Dark is the type of player who manages to come up with the key hits for the Giants. He belted a single past Gil Hodges at first base in the third playoff game with

the Dodgers in 1951 which started big Don Newcombe on his way to the showers.

The Giants were behind by 4 to 1 when Al made his hit and it sparked the rally which was culminated by Bobby Thomson's dramatic three-run homer which won the pennant. Significantly, it was the only hit Dark made in the game, although on his previous try, Brooklyn's Billy Cox had turned him off with a sharp fielding play at third.

During Durocher's term of stewardship with the Giants, the club had two great streaks, the marvellous run it made in 1951 to overhaul the Dodgers after being 13½ games out, and runaway pace of June, 1954, when writers travelling with other clubs were cynically referring to the Giants as "Happy Heroes, Inc." Day after day, this Giant or that would get off the bench to belt a pinch-home run or a pitcher would come from the bull pen to slam the door in the face of the enemy.

Dark indulged in his share of heroics during these streaks, to be sure, but the important thing was not that Alvin was getting the clutch hit which broke up the game but that he was there, day after day, getting his base hits and making the plays in the field which kept the club going.

No profile of Dark would be complete without a footnote devoted to Ted McGrew, ball player, umpire, scout and chef extraordinary. It was McGrew, while scouting for Larry MacPhail's Dodgers, who recom-

mended the purchase of Pee Wee Reese from Louisville. For more than a decade, Reese has been one of the National League's outstanding shortstops and a living monument to McGrew's sagacity.

McGrew, too, was the man behind Dark. Ted first saw Dark when he was scouting for the Dodgers, but there was a little matter of a war, plus several changes of employment for Ted himself before he was able to bag the LSU athlete.

Dark set a bonus of \$40,000 on himself. McGrew, by now working for the Braves, had to battle the directors and Manager Southworth to convince them that this wouldn't be money thrown away. Actually, Southworth was not at all sure that Al was going to be a big leaguer on first glimpse but Billy had faith in McGrew's experience. He knew that Ted had been right on Reese and had been right on other players and he strung along with the veteran scout.

Southworth's agreement was the convincer Lou Perini, president of the Braves, needed and Lou never had cause to regret it. Dark was one of the key men in the only pennant Lou has won so far, despite his fabulous financial success in Milwaukee.

Perini must have looked on the 1954 World Series with mixed emotions, particularly during the second game when Johnny Antonelli won his start, and again in the fourth and final game when Antonelli relieved and bottled up the Indians to give the Giants a sweep.

As a National Leaguer, Perini rejoiced at the victory, the first in eight years, but he must have reminded himself that there was \$100,000 of his bonus money riding with the Giants, the \$60,000 he paid Antonelli and the \$40,000 he gave Dark.

CHAPTER V

The Magician

(Don Mueller)

BY KEN SMITH

A BUNCH OF THE WRITERS WERE LOUNGING IN JOHN D. Rockefeller's front room, an unlikely place for writers to be lounging, when there was a smashing of window glass and an official International League baseball plopped onto the carpet and rolled across the room, an even more unlikely occurrence.

Everybody rushed to the window and door to spot the culprit. The young man who presented this bizarre calling card as an introduction to the New York baseball scene turned out to be Don Mueller. Throughout his career this remarkable hitsmith has had to struggle for recognition. So have many other players. But this was the first time anybody busted Rockefeller's front window to get it.

Mueller, a reserved type, certainly didn't do it on

purpose. What happened was that the New York National League club and its Jersey City farm forces trained at Lakewood, N. J. during the World War II years when transportation restrictions confined Spring workouts to the North. The Giants were quartered in the Rockefeller mansion which was situated on the border of the private links where the nonagenarian zillionaire used to cuff a golf ball around the fir lined course. Manager Melvin Ott and his players had finished their practice and were living it up in their scrumptious estate, patronizing an incongruous juke box featuring the current musical monstrosity "One Meat Ball," the sound of which no doubt would have horrified the original occupant.

A diamond had been laid out on the eighteenth green and the Rockefeller home was located behind some evergreens in right field, supposedly a safe range from home plate. The majority of star sluggers were away at war, anyway. The Jersey City troupe, managed by Gabby Hartnett, was slashing away in a batting drill. The pitchers who took turns serving them up included 41-year old Louis Polli; Mario Picone, an 18-year old hustler from Brooklyn; Adrian Zabala, a stylish Cuban and a 16-year old prospect named Louis Lombardo, two years on the safe side of the draft. The first baseman was Danny Gardella's brother Al.

Mueller is the only one on that roster now in the majors but there was no indication that he was destined to be the prize until the orderliness of the sylvan scene

was broken by the merry tinkling of John D.'s window pane. The 18-year old St. Louisan had gotten hold of a perfect pitch, of which there was no scarcity, and pulled it over the pines onto the parlor rug for all the Giants to see as well as the coterie of the New York newspaper reporters who sprang off the porch to identify the culprit.

They found him to be a straight-shouldered, high necked, trim chassied six-footer, dark haired, with a square chin drawn in like a West Point cadet, and proceeded to introduce him to the New York public as a future figure at the Polo Grounds.

Nine years later this citizen was to whack out more base hits (212) than anybody in the major leagues, through the 1954 season. Established as one of the steadiest batters in the business, he led the National League even the final day, Willie Mays nosing him out in the late innings. His .342 was bettered by Mays' .345 and Ted Williams' .344. Don out-hit formidable opponents like Duke Snider, Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst, Ted Kluszewski, Richie Ashburn and Jack Robinson. He out-averaged Bob Avila, Minnie Minoso, Bill Goodman, Nellie Fox, Yogi Berra, Irv Noren, Mickey Mantle, Harvey Kuenn and Jim Finigan, the American League elite. There were twenty-five .300 hitters in 1953 and Mueller was among the first row five of the National League at .333. Six players in the majors topped him that year.

Don batted .359 for Jersey City in 1946; .348 for Jacksonville the next year; .358 in thirty-six games with

the Giants in 1948; .328 through the main International League schedule that year and .311 at Minneapolis in part of the 1949 season. While combatting home run windmills our Don was a Quixote for a three-year spell, averaging .280 as an in-an-out of the lineup performer before he became a consistent batting championship candidate. After finishing at .333 in 1953, Mueller displayed that this was his natural gait by finishing the first month of the following season at the same figures. Increasing the pace, he was selected on the National League All-Star team by Manager Walter Alston who sent him up as a pinch-hitter. Don came through with a clean single. National Leaguers would have been surprised if he didn't, because for day in and day out delivery there is no one in the circuit to compare with him. Just a scattering of times, a few a month, did he neglect to poke at least one a day. It was rare indeed that two games in a row went by without a Mueller hit. In August there was a mild little let-down for less than a week when Don connected just two or three times. An ordinary batter wouldn't have considered it long enough a slump to be remembered but it was so unusual for Mueller that he commented after the season:

"I didn't lose the batting title on the last day when Mays out-hit me, three to two. I lost it in August."

After a streak of sixteen straight games of hitting at one stage, Don ran up another of twenty-one in a row. It was not unusual for him to run nine or ten consecutive games all Summer.

Before the home folks in St. Louis on May 2 Don tripled and singled in one inning, going five-for-five during the game. On another occasion, June 13 at Wrigley Field, Chicago, he hit twice in one inning, the eleventh. Polo Grounds fans saw him go four-for-five against the Cubs May 14 and on July 8 at Ebbets Field Don swatted four in five times up. Three days later, with Pittsburgh at New York Mueller turned the same trick and, starting that day through August 18 he connected in twenty-nine of thirty-four games.

This amazingly repetitious rapper was the most difficult batter in the league to strike out during 1953, going down for the count thirteen times. No other sticker on the circuit approached anywhere near him in dodging the third strike. Don was also one of the ten most efficient in avoidance of grounding into double plays.

During one of his splurges, at a .426 gait, Mr. Monotonous cracked twenty-six hits in fifteen games and a check showed that he directed seven hits to left field, ten to center, five to right field and four to the infield. So there is no defense against this modern Willie Keeler, the man who "hit 'em where they ain't" at the turn of the century. Mueller poked so many hits just out of fielders' reach that he was nicknamed "Mandrake," after the magician. Don's hits seemed to be led by an invisible Seeing-Eye dog into clear spaces, even as the boat men of his native Mississippi River country used to pilot craft through the shoals with amazing helm handling.

Unable to type him for direction, the opposition plays Mueller square, no shifting to either side. This is a picturesque tribute to genuine batting craftsmanship and is a rare sight on the diamond. When occasionally an enemy player moves to the right or left, the chances are that Don will cuff the ball into the place just vacated, like teacher rapping a pupil's knuckles for straying out of line.

Kneeling on deck, apparently the most relaxed person on the premises, Mueller always exercises his wrists, pivoting the weighted practice club slowly back and forth, his palm serving as a fulcrum. At the plate, he stands fixed in position with no fidgeting, his heels about even with the center line of the batter's box.

His bat is tapered, thirty-two ounces in weight and he uses the same model all year, never being in a slump long enough to look around for something to change his luck. He chokes the stick about two inches, varying the grip slightly, according to the pitcher and to the spot at which he is aiming to hit.

By the time he steps into position at the plate Don has an idea where he intends to hit the ball. He hardly ever guesses what's coming. Though he has his own scheme, he is flexible if a fielder should shift at the last moment or the pitch is a complete surprise. Don accomplishes this readiness by shifting his shoulders to meet the situation. Eddie Roush, one of the great place hitters of all time, kept pitchers up in the air by moving about like a skittish horse at the barrier, knocking dirt out of

his spikes and seldom setting himself. Fred Lindstrom, once pronounced by Roush "the last of the place hitters" based his attack on shifting his feet. Not Mueller. Don guards the full range of the plate zone with his flexible shoulder movement, despite his shortened grip. "If you guess," Don explains, "you have to make your move an instant quicker than if you poise for anything that comes along."

Mueller seldom has the patience to wait out a full count so walks and fans less often than others. Because he can hit a bad pitch better than almost any other expert in the game, he lashes at the first acceptable serve. The theory of pitching, of course, is to make the batsman bite at pitches that they are calculated to pop up or at least meet with no opportunity for velocity. Mueller, however, his bat unfailingly parallel to the ground, has extraordinary skill in applying a generous portion of wood to the ball.

Mueller's human, though some exasperated fielders are convinced he is a sorcerer. A front line fast ball pitcher often curtails his wizardry and southpaws present a problem.

"They seem closer to you," Don says. "You don't get quite as clear a view of the ball. But I don't swing as hard as most batters so I guess that is a little advantage in timing."

But Don held his own against left-handers in 1954, sometimes over a considerable stretch averaging better against them than he did the right-handers. A check

showed that he hit Harvey Haddix three out of seven in two games and three out of eight in two against Warren Spahn, who later set him down four for zero, however. Mueller murdered Joe Nuxhall and Fred Baczewski, Cincinnati southpaws, with a dozen hits in twenty at bats in 1954 and was not troubled much by Johnny Podres of Brooklyn nor Howie Pollet of the Cubs.

Fundamentally, Mueller is a great hitter because of an unusually keen eye and excellent coordination. Quiet nerves and a level head do the rest. He is not steamed up at the umpire or fuming about some other distraction.

That Mueller should attract his first attention with a window breaking stunt is one of the ironic touches that make baseball such an unpredictable sport. For of all the star clubbers in this free swinging era, none is more disdainful of home runs than this remarkable natural hitter who is too busy grinding out retail hits to monkey around with the art of extra base clouting.

From the age of twelve, Mueller's life has been a grapple with the problem: To slug or not to slug. When he first auditioned for Manager Melvin Ott in St. Louis the temptation was to impress the all time National League home run king with a buffet over the Sportsman's Park right field roof. The job on Rockefeller's window wooed him into pulling for distance. The enticing 257 foot, 8 inch foul line at the Polo Grounds was a Lorelei. Manager Leo Durocher's insistence that he should go for the seats against his own inclination to-

wards place hitting made his career one of turbulence, kept alive by his fair talent for distance hitting.

There isn't a World Series that some retired player, seated with a group around a table in the press room, doesn't expound: "All the hitters are swinging from the heels nowadays, trying to knock the ball out of the lot. If they'd only shorten up and rap it between the fielders! A short hit in the clutch would have won today's game. Can you imagine them putting on one of those Ted Williams shifts for Ty Cobb? Why, if they lined up for Eddie Roush the way they do for Ed Mathews, Ted Kluszewski, Ralph Kiner and those fellows, Eddie would have laughed at them and hit .500. McGraw insisted that all his men hit to opposite fields." A fortune awaited the man who would come along and adopt the advice of the veterans. But the younger element, unimpressed, kept brandishing their bats full scale for the glamorous home run. Most of them don't know how to do anything but swing. The Ruthian style has been in force so long that two baseball generations grew up in it. Examples of the urge for homers at the expense of batting averages in 1954 were Roy Sievers, of Washington who lambasted twenty-four out of the park while hitting .232; Dave Philley, of Cleveland, twelve home runs, .223; Bob Wilson, A's, 17 and .232; Bill Renna, A's, 13 and .232; Lou Limmer, A's, 14 and .231; Del Crandall, Braves, 21 and .242; Del Ennis, Phillies, 25 and .261 and Gus Zernial, A's, 12 and .251.

Ty Cobb, who rapped 4,191 hits, batting .367

over a twenty-four year haul, once interrupted his smooth style long enough to haul off with three successive home runs in a derisive gesture against the Babe Ruth craze. Mueller, though no Cobb, is the outstanding present day example who took this non-slugging theory seriously and through many vicissitudes he has made it pay with a healthy raise in salary from his hard-swinging days. He has become one of the leading hitters of his day and already there is a tendency among youth to go for quantity of hits instead of quality, a trend exemplified by Harvey Kuenn, Detroit short-stop, 1953 Rookie of the Year, who rapped 201 hits the next season, five of them homers. There will always be home run sluggers but the time when middleweights swing for the stands every trip may pass with the rise of Mueller. He isn't the only one who hits to all fields and eschews homers but he epitomizes the sect.

The Giants' right fielder has been conscious of the conflicting Ruth-Keeler styles of hitting from the start. Growing up in Creve Coeur, a St. Louis suburb, he played against boys bigger and older. It just happened that they needed an extra to round out a team.

"I realized that I couldn't overpower the stuff those pitchers were throwing," Don recalls. "They were four or five years older than I. I didn't have the strength to keep up with them. Just naturally, I guess, I just met the ball instead of trying to kill it like most kids. I can't remember when I didn't choke the bat."

Growing into a professional, Mueller averaged

.338 through three and a half minor league seasons until 1949 when he came from Minneapolis and started drilling for the right field grandstand in New York. He wore his glove in six games, his job was pinch hitting in forty-five contests, tough work for a 22-year old. With no opportunity to settle into daily lineup stride he began to press for power. At Jacksonville he had been bitten by the fence busting bug and dropped twenty points in a week, so quickly returned to his natural short-thrust style. But the demand for a left-handed batter at the Polo Grounds to take advantage of the surroundings was intense. Willard Marshall, who once had busted thirty-six homers, was traded to Boston and in order to replace him, Mueller had to fight off a swarm of contenders including Joe LaFata, Lester Layton, Pete Milne, Augie Galan, Bert Hass and a youngster named Hal Bamberger. Though he always wound up playing more games than any other right fielder on the team, proving he belonged there, he had to fight for his job every year. Durocher stationed Monte Irvin out there, tried Jack Maguire and Mike McCormick. Don had to defend his station against Clint Hartung, George Wilson, Bob Elliott, Gail Henley and Henry Thompson in 1952. Though the Giants had captured the flag the previous year with Mueller definitely the best bet in the chips down drive, Durocher kept him out of thirty-four games after the pennant year.

When he was benched in thirty-three games in 1953, with even Alvin Dark playing seventeen out-

field games during the dizzy team shake-up, Don decided to forget that inviting right field fence. Bill Terry never went for the homer and was a .350 hitter. Leaving the pull hitting chores to Dusty Rhodes, who was modeled for the Polo Grounds, Mueller abandoned swing hitting abruptly.

"My chance of hitting a single is very good," he explained. "My chance of clouting a homer is very poor. It is certainly better for the team this way. If I am on base, I save a chance for Mays, Irvin, Thompson or somebody to knock me in."

For proof, he scored about thirty-five more runs in 1954 than was his usual out-put.

"There are a lot of players who can deliver twenty home runs but only a few can hit .300. I'm wasting my time trying to be a fence buster. My best year, 1951, was sixteen."

Mueller was quite a four-base fellow and his own resolution to lay aside his slender handled home run bat and to shed five pounds to loosen up was not easy. He shook Brooklyn's pennant confidence on September 1, 1951 by clouting three at the Polo Grounds in one game. After the second one, he was about to bat in his next time up when Monte Irvin called to him that word had just reached the bench that he had become a father for the first time. Don gave vent to the thrill by walloping a third. The next day he thundered two more, tying a record achieved at that time only by Adrian Anson, Ty Cobb, Tony Lazzeri and Ralph Kiner.

Don demonstrated that he could still drive for distance, after resolutely sticking to short strokes when, on July 1, 1954 he attacked Vernon Law for a double to left field; solved Bob Friend for a triple to right center and singled to center off Jake Thies. The crowd pleaded for him to complete the cycle against the hapless Pirates so, with Paul LaPalme now pitching, Don sank one into the right field seats. Up to that time he hadn't lifted one all season. After slipping one in about three weeks later Don went on with his rat-a-tat work until August when he showed that there was power in the old boy yet by making a home run with the bases loaded.

"Sometimes, with nobody on base and one or two out when you need a homer for a tie I cut loose all the way," says Don. "Maybe about forty times I broke my stride. But I wish I had those chances back again. I know I'm not a homer hitter.

"Sluggers have to concentrate on one gait of swinging. If they don't they foul up their timing. You can't do both."

After he batted .333 in 1953 he was certain that he could hit with the best of them and held out for more money. He still had a shadow to shake, this time, Bill Taylor. Durocher said: "Personally I love Don like a son or brother but a dangerous character like Taylor up there makes the pitchers shiver more than Don." Mueller was benched in two of the first five games but pinch-hit a single during an eighth inning rally in game 6 and never missed another game.

The duel between home runs and singles was brought out in the open once late in Summer when Don, with one more poke left to keep his twenty-one game batting streak alive, was lifted for pinch hitter Rhodes, who fanned. It was a clear gamble with odds of .333 that Don could single against a Rhodes homer, more than a 10 to 1 shot.

Don showed his spunk on the final day of 1954 when, with a fraction of a point lead over Mays for the batting title, Mueller singled in his first time up. His glamorous outfield companion beat him out with three hits and a walk but Don plugged to the last, singling again before the game ended. Just as Lou Gehrig stood on his own despite the prominence of Babe Ruth, Don holds up his end amid the noisy acclaim for Mays.

Mueller's father was Walter (Heinie) Mueller, Pittsburgh outfielder in 1922, '23, '24 and '26. Eddie Collins, Ed Walsh and George Sisler raised sons who followed in their footsteps but no ball player father comes to mind more successful than Walter in rearing a star. Fred Lindstrom and Hal Trosky have fine prospects in their boys.

Don was raised in baseball country. From Charles (Silver) King, of the '80s, St. Louis has been cradling ball players, Muddy Ruel, Charley Grimm, Jumbo Elliott, Pete Reiser, Lonnie Frey, Fred Hofman, Charley Hollocher, Jewel Ens, Wally Roettger, Joe Mowrey, Buddy Blatter, John Schulte, Al Smith, Bill Walker,

Clyde Manion, Lee Handley, Bob Scheffing, Marino Pieretti, Bob Hofman—there seems no end to them.

Mueller played two years of American Legion ball, sometimes at first base, and at a suburban high school was a ball player from the start on the freshman nine. It was while playing Sunday games that he attracted the attention of the late Gordon Maguire, Giants' scout. Ironically, Maguire's son, Jack, later became a rival for Don's job. The elder Mueller, who incidentally also was a place hitter, leaving the majors before his son was born, advised him to choose the Giants from among the eight offers the 17-year old sharpshooter received. Mueller himself liked the Polo Grounds because the fielders veered towards center field away from the left and right field "cushion shots." And both were admirers of Ott.

Maguire brought Don to the park when the Giants were in St. Louis and Mel approved signing him for Jersey City where he got into three games in 1944, driving in three runs with one hit in seven times up. It was the next Spring that he looked like a million dollars at Rockefeller's place. There was time for only five games that year before he joined the Merchant Marine. On leave the next Summer Don got into twenty-eight games with the Jerseys, hitting .359. After grinding out many hits for Manager Johnny Hudson at Jacksonville, Bruno Betzel, at Jersey City and Tom Heath at Minneapolis, Donald became a Giant for keeps in 1949. He

was the first Giant since Terry to lead the majors in total hits. Don wrote himself into an important chapter in Giants history as a first stringer in the 1951 late season stampede, even to the final inning when his hit kept hopes alive for Bob Thomson. Many will always believe that if Mueller had not broken his ankle sliding that day the Giants would have won the World Series.

It took Mueller many years to become a fielder, so deeply was he absorbed in hitting. But he learned the trade, indeed becoming a fine thrower and often making catches calling for doffing his cap to applause. He is a smart base-runner and has good speed.

Mueller enjoys a deep rooted popularity among his teammates. Though he might be described as phlegmatic there is a behind-the-scenes side of Don that the public doesn't suspect. He is an imp in the clubhouse. If another player is victim of a prank, perhaps his shoes mixed up with a teammate's, or his cravat found tied to a locker door, the victim automatically suspects Mueller, whose face is masked in deadpan.

Don is strictly an outdoor man, his life away from the diamond taken up almost entirely with fishing and hunting. His home in Creve Coeur, Mo., is located on the edge of a lake. Call him on the phone and his wife, the former Genevieve Barbor, probably will have to call him from fishing right out of his back yard. In rare days off in mid-season, Mueller heads for the lakes and woods. His closest pal is Alex Konikowski, Giants' pitcher, and the two fish in Connecticut quite often.

Don's first son, the one born the day he walloped three homers, is named Curt Lee, after Jack Lohrke's boy. The other one is named Mark "just because we liked the name." Konikowski named his daughter Sally Lee and his boy, Mark.

Some day, Walter Mueller may find himself grandfather of a big leaguer. As it is Don amasses enough base hits to supply three generations.

CHAPTER VI

The Barber

(Sal Maglie)

BY TOM MEANY

ADOLFO LUQUE HAS BEEN A CRAFTY PITCHER AND A fierce competitor in three countries—the United States, Mexico and his native Cuba. He has some amazing achievements to his record. He once punched Casey Stengel in the nose, when the present Yankee manager was on the Giant bench back in the '20s; he chased Babe Pinelli, National League umpire, around the clubhouse with an ice-pick when both were playing for Cincinnati, because he thought Babe had been remiss on a ball hit down the third base line; and he is reported to have pulled a gun on an umpire in Havana because he didn't like his decisions. All in all, quite a man, our Señor Luque.

Luque was a remarkable pitcher, too. He pitched 18 years in the National League and won almost 200

games, although he was on only two pennant-winners, the 1919 Reds when just a rookie; and the 1933 Giants when he was nearly all through. There were two things Dolfo never mastered in his nearly four decades in the States—the English language and his Latin temper.

After Luque was through as a pitcher, he served a couple hitches as a coach with the Giants. He worked under Bill Terry in 1935, 1936 and 1937, then disappeared into Caribbean baseball for a couple of years. Luque returned in Terry's last year, 1941, and stayed on under Mel Ott through the 1945 season. And it was during that 1945 season that he caught up with our hero, Salvatore Anthony Maglie, known far and wide as Sal the Barber.

Luque, as a pitcher, had one of the sharpest and best-controlled curves of anybody in baseball. When he became a Giant coach, he labored hard to impart his skill to the younger pitchers. I recall one blazing hot day at Flamingo Field, Miami Beach, in March, 1935, watching Luque put in overtime with two young Giant pitchers, Clydell Castleman and Sharkey Eiland. Castleman had a flash of success with the Giants but Eiland never was heard of again.

Although Luque spoke a brand of English which defied both description and translation, I attempted a chat with him on the way back to the clubhouse.

"Where did you learn to pitch that low curve ball, Dolf?"

"Mar-tee," said Luque.

"Marty who?"

"Mar-tee, you know—Martee, bestest pitcher of everybody," said Luque. "Smotter—you no know heem?"

It took a bit of doing but it developed that Luque's "Mar-tee" was none other than Christy Mathewson, the Big Six of the Giants and greatest of all John McGraw's pitchers. In a Cincinnati training camp when Luque was a rookie and Matty was having a fling at managing, Adolfo carefully studied his technique and absorbed his instructions. Thus, generations later, as generations are figured in baseball, Luque was handing down the heritage of Mathewson to Giant pitchers. Sal the Barber is the last, three decades after Matty had died.

Until Maglie came under Luque's eye, he had pitching skills but not pitching finesse. "I was just a thrower until I met Dolf," cheerfully confesses Sal. "He made me a pitcher."

Maglie is one of the great craftsman among current pitchers. Gifted with good control, the Barber is real rough on righthanded batters. He pitches them high and inside, low and away. Sal uses the fast ball high and tight, to drive the batter back in the box and then curves him low and outside so he'll have to reach.

The Barber's curve is probably sharper than your barber's razor. It was inevitable that it should give rise to the charge that he was throwing the illegal spitball. Steve O'Neill, who first brought Maglie into organized baseball, back in 1938 when Stout Steve was man-

aging the Buffalo Bisons in the International League, was one of the few rival managers to absolve Maglie from guilt.

Managing the Phillies in 1952 in a game at the Polo Grounds, Steve was bounced by the umpires, something of a rarity, for O'Neill is an easy going manager. He retired to the clubhouse in center field and followed the game from there.

"It's the finest spot in the world from which to watch a ball game," declared Steve, thus subscribing to the theory long held by President Horace Stoneham and Horace's father before him. "I could really appreciate Maglie's curve and though he was striking my guys out, I still had to admire his skill."

When the game was over, the Phillies, subjugated by Maglie, trooped into the clubhouse loudly complaining that Sal was throwing spitballs and the umpires weren't doing anything about it. "Even Eddie Mayo, my coach, thought Sal was using a spitter," grinned Steve in re-telling the story. "I hated to disillusion them but I couldn't take anything away from Maglie. 'Boys,' I said, 'I was watching the late innings from the clubhouse here and I've got to let you in on a secret—what you thought were spitters were just extra special curve-balls.' Lord knows, in my day, I caught and batted against enough spitters, when the pitch was legal, to know one when I saw it and Maglie threw no spitballs at us that day."

In addition to being accused of illegal spitters,

another frequent charge against Maglie is that he throws bean-balls. The bean-ball, unlike the spitter, is not only illegal—it doesn't exist. There are rules providing for penalties in the use of the bean-ball but so far nobody has got around to enforcing them. The problem with the bean-ball, real or imagined, is to prove intent. That calls for a Solomon, rather than an umpire.

Jackie Robinson and Carl Furillo of the Dodgers more than once have challenged Maglie on the bean-ball. It has become a rather common expression around the Polo Grounds press box, after Sal has driven a batter back with a tight pitch, to say, "The Barber is shaving them rather close today, isn't he?"

After one Robinson-Maglie flare-up, Jackie says that Giant catcher Wes Westrum told him, "Maglie isn't dusting you off, Jackie, he's just brushing you back." To which Robinson commented, "That's too fine a distinction for me."

Maglie, of course, insists there is a difference. He certainly doesn't *want* to hit anybody on the head. On the other hand, he knows he can't allow the top hitters to stand up there and take a toe-hold against him. His only defense is to drive the batter back and thus set him up for the outside curve. "It's the only way you can keep the hitter off balance," says Sal, "but that doesn't mean you're throwing at them."

It was Jim McCulley, of the New York *Daily News*, and a contributor to this book, who hung the

nickname of the "The Barber" on Maglie. One day at the Phoenix training camp, Jim heard Manager Leo Durocher jokingly remark, "Look at Sal—he looks like the barber in the third chair." The phrase caught McCulley's fancy and he used it and it soon was picked up nationally and by the ball players themselves.

Maglie's appearance is formidable. He has the look of a hawk to him. The menacing mien the right hander carries to the mound with him probably has a lot to do with players believing they're being dusted off when actually, to use Sal's euphemism, they're merely being "brushed back." Blue-jowled, the Barber always looks as though he could use the services of one himself. He'd make a dandy heavy on TV, or in a film about the Mafia.

Outside of the Giant fans, no group of fans respects Maglie as much as Dodger fans. And well they might, for Sal came up to the 1955 season with a great record against Brooklyn, having won 22 out of 30 decisions.

When the Giants clinched the 1954 pennant by beating Brooklyn in a night game at Ebbets Field by the decisive score of 7 to 1 on September 20, Tommy Holmes, columnist of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, observed, "This is where I came in." And indeed it seemed that way, for it was Maglie who handcuffed the Dodgers with five hits, giving no more than a base on balls to the last 10 men to face him. And it was Maglie, back on

April 13 in the opening game of the season at the Polo Grounds, who beat the Brooks, 4 to 3.

Maglie took a long time, and many roads, to come to eventual stardom. Sal was thirty-three in 1950 when he had his first big season (18-4) with the Giants. Before then he had pitched in Canada, Mexico and Cuba and had been bouncing around for a dozen seasons. He had pitched almost as many games outside the continental United States as he had in it.

An outstanding basketball and baseball player at South Junior and Niagara Falls High in his native Niagara Falls, N.Y., Maglie was offered an athletic scholarship to Niagara University. He turned it down for a job as shipping clerk with the Union Carbide Company, for whom he also pitched. Between industrial and semi-pro baseball, it was a couple of years before he caught O'Neill's eye in 1938 and was signed to a Buffalo contract.

The International League, even at \$275 a month, was quite a step up for Maglie and he wasn't exactly a riot, either, while finishing out 1938 with the Bisons nor during all of 1939. After keeping Sal briefly in 1940, Buffalo shipped him to Jamestown, New York, in the Pony League. Still learning his trade, the Barber didn't do much there, either, but in 1941, he was moved up to Elmira in the Eastern League.

It was at Elmira that Maglie finally got going. His record of 20 victories and 15 defeats prompted the Giants to draft him. He was at their Jersey City

farm in 1942, used mostly in relief but winning more often than he lost. World War II was blazing by now and Maglie, failing to pass an Army physical because of a sinus condition, quit baseball and spent the next two years working in a defense plant.

Maglie rejoined the Jerseys in June of 1945 but when he was with the team a month or so, Ott decided the Giants could use him. He joined the Giants in July and won five, while losing four, but three of his five victories were shutouts. It was at this time that the paths of the Barber and Luque crossed, much to the betterment of Sal.

Luque saw the possibilities in the big, strapping Italian and decided that what Maglie needed more than anything else was experience. He persuaded him to come with him and pitch for Cienfuegos in the Cuban Winter League. It proved to be the turning point in Maglie's career, financially and artistically, even though at the outset it looked as though it had ended him in organized baseball.

Up until now, Maglie had made little money from baseball and the chance of picking up some off-season cash, with all expenses paid, sounded attractive. Furthermore, he thought it would be a second honeymoon for himself and Mrs. Maglie, the former Kathleen Peleggi, whom he had married some four and a half years earlier.

Off went Sal to Cuba, with the blessing of the Giants. Luque managed Cienfuegos and the club won

the pennant, thanks to the stout pitching of Maglie who beat the strong Havana Reds no fewer than seven times in the abbreviated season. It was during this season, too, that Sal met Bernardo Pasquel, of the peso-jingling Pasquels who were preparing to raid the majors and establish a Mexican League of their own.

"Bernardo offered me a contract for \$7500, plus a \$3500 bonus for signing," related Maglie. "This was in February, 1946, but I wasn't interested because I had signed with the Giants for 1946 for \$7500. The only difference was the bonus and that wasn't large enough to make me throw over the big leagues and play ball under conditions which I knew nothing about. I asked him to double the offer and he said he couldn't but he did give me his business card and asked me to get in touch with him if I changed my mind."

The business card of Pasquel's was to play a big part in Maglie's future, although he didn't sense it at the time. A few weeks later, in training with the Giants now at Miami and with the Cuban season behind him, Sal was approached by two Giant infielders, George Hausmann and Roy Zimmerman, who asked him if he had Pasquel's phone number.

Comes now a ticklish part of Maglie's relations with the Giants and a part happily forgotten by all concerned. Hausmann and Zimmerman called Pasquel in Mexico City from Sal's room at the Floridan Hotel. There are conflicting versions of who said what to whom

but news of the phone calls to Mexico City reached Manager Ott by the next day.

The spring of 1946 was a tumultuous one in the majors, their first trip South since the wartime travel restrictions imposed after the 1942 season. There were wild rumors about fantastic sums being paid to obscure players to jump. Jorge Pasquel, Bernardo's brother, was portrayed as a swashbuckling, gun-toting composite of Pancho Villa, Fulgencio Batista and Holbrook Blinn.

Ott took action immediately. He called Maglie into his office and accused him point-blank of acting as an agent for the Pasquels. Sal had spoken to Pasquel after Hausmann and Zimmerman were through and one story has it that he agreed on the spot, another that Bernardo turned him down on the first try but later called him back to tell Sal his terms were satisfactory. Then Sal called his wife in their home in Niagara Falls and they agreed to chance it.

After the uproar in his office, Ott then stormed into the clubhouse and asked the players, one by one, if they had any intention of jumping to Mexico. Maglie said he was going and that was that.

Some of the players who went South of the border brought back harrowing tales. Not Maglie. "I had talked it over with my wife, Kay, and we went into it with our eyes open," he said, "even though we knew that Commissioner Chandler was suspending us from

organized ball for five years. I got every nickel which was coming to me, the people treated us wonderfully and of the money I was able to use \$10,000 as a down payment on a house."

The big break Maglie got in Mexico was that he was assigned to the Puebla Club, which was managed by his old mentor, Luque. Adolfo had gone directly to Mexico from the Cuban Winter League, quitting the Giants for the second, and last, time. And again, Dolf took Maglie in hand.

The high altitude in some of the Mexican cities bothered Maglie's pitching. His curve ball "hung" instead of breaking. This is true of all pitchers who work in high altitudes and is responsible for some of the amazing slugging records which were hung up years ago when Salt Lake City was in the Pacific Coast League.

Luque made Maglie work more on his fast ball, which was a lot more "live" then that it is now. Sal used to "show" the batters the curve, just to tease them, keeping it well out of range and come into the strike zone with his fast one. It is the exact opposite of his pitching now, when he "shows" the batters his fast one and makes them hit his curve.

Maglie pitched two seasons under Luque at Puebla, improving all the time, learning how to be a pitcher instead of a thrower. After the 1947 season, however, it was obvious that the Mexican League was doomed to bankruptcy, unless the Pasquels had even

more pesos than rumor credited them with. Faced with a cut of astronomical proportions, which amounted to a major operation without benefit of anesthesia, Maglie bid a sad *Adios* to Mexico and the Pasquels.

In the winter of 1947-48, Maglie played in the Cuban Winter League, and did some barnstorming with Max Lanier and other jumpers in the spring and summer of 1948, but it didn't pan out. Commissioner Chandler quite properly had drawn an iron curtain around the suspended players. No player under contract to organized ball could play against them, no park in organized ball was open to them for rental. The trip was an artistic success, 81 victories in 81 games, and a financial fiasco.

Under the threat of a \$300,000 suit by Danny Gardella, Chandler finally weakened and dropped the suspensions on June 5, 1949. The prodigal sons were welcomed back to the fold. Maglie, meanwhile, had bought into a gas station, worked long hours there and decided that baseball, any kind of baseball, was the only life for him. He sold out his interest and signed on with Drummondville, Quebec, in the Canadian Provincial League, a circuit which was operating without benefit of clergy.

Many of the so-called "Mexican outlaws" were in the Canadian Provincial League, as well as several Cuban and Negro players, the color line having been scarcely penetrated in the United States at this time. Sal, at \$600 a month, had been pitching there when

he got the news that he was again *persona grata* in organized ball.

The Giants immediately got in touch with Maglie but Sal was cagey. In the first place, the salary wasn't quite what he wanted and again, Sal didn't feel he was in shape to do himself justice if he returned to the Giants in mid-season. At his age (he already has passed his thirty-second birthday) Maglie knew he would get only one shot and he wanted to be able to make the best of it.

Thus it was that in 1950 at the Phoenix training camp, Maglie returned to the fold. He had made a flying trip to New York the previous August to sign. The Giants weren't particularly interested in Maglie's return. Indeed, few of the fans ever missed him, being much more concerned over some of the other Giants who had jumped, Harry Feldman and Gardella, for instance. And besides, Maglie's thirty-third birthday was just around the corner.

Maglie pitched good ball in the barnstorming games in the spring, thanks to his having the foresight to report in tip-top shape, but the season was more than two months old before Durocher, who had succeeded Ott, gave him a starting chance. Sal did little with it, being belted by Cincinnati. It was almost a month before he got another one. Then, when the Giants had lost nine in a row and Leo was desperate, he called on Maglie to face the Cardinals. Shaky at the start, Sal

stuck it out to win 5-4 in 11 innings, and he had made the varsity.

In little more than two months remaining in the 1950 season, Maglie went on to win 17 more games. He had four consecutive shutouts and lost the fifth when Gus Bell, then with the Pirates, deposited a Fu Manchu special against the inviting Polo Grounds balcony. He won 11 straight games and, at thirty-three, found himself a major league star for the first time.

Maglie realized that a then popular song title, *It's Later Than You Think*, was applicable to him. There were not too many years of productive baseball left for him. He talked of asking for \$20,000 for 1951. Since he signed without a beef, it is logical to assume that the Giants either met his demand or gave him a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Whatever the Giants paid him for 1951, Sal was worth every penny of it. He was one of the heroes of the Little Miracle of Coogan's Bluff, winning 23 games that year and beating Brooklyn, who finished the regular season in a tie for first place, five times in six decisions. Sal had another good year (18-8) in 1952, even though the Giants couldn't catch the Dodgers this time.

A bad back made 1953 a nightmare for the Barber. Sal was one of the many factors contributing to the dismal showing of the Giants that year when they finished fifth, a cool 35 games behind Brooklyn.

A lot of people thought Maglie was through and they couldn't be blamed if they discounted his promises to make a comeback in 1954. "Salary propaganda," they said. How was a guy with a bum back and thirty-four years old going to come back? With what?

Durocher made sparing but judicious use of Maglie in 1954. He won 14 games, losing only six and, while he pitched only nine complete games, he won more than his quota of key games. Again he was a nemesis to the Dodgers, beating the Flatbush Flock four out of six, including the opening game and the pennant clincher.

The manner in which the Barber gave his opponents the once-over-lightly in the clutch games eliminated all guessing when it came time to start the 1954 World Series against Cleveland. Maglie was Durocher's choice to open.

"He's the fellow I want to be sure I can use a second time—if I have to," explained Leo, ending on a prophetic note.

P.S.: He didn't have to.

CHAPTER VII

The Boy Grows Older

(Johnny Antonelli)

BY TOM MEANY

IT WASN'T EXACTLY A SOOTHING SPOT FOR A KID twenty-four years old—and a left-handed kid, at that. There were 78,102 fans in Cleveland's humid and sun-lit Municipal Stadium that Saturday afternoon and they couldn't have yelled any harder at the Giants if they had been Brooklyn fans.

The Indians, you see, were on the verge of ignominious defeat. It was the eighth inning of the fourth World Series game and the Tribe, winners of 111 games in their own league, hadn't been able to win one so far. New York was in front, 7-4, but the Indians had men on first and third with one out when Manager Durocher lifted his first relief choice, Hoyt Wilhelm, and called on Johnny Antonelli.

Antonelli had pitched brilliantly in winning the

second game for the Giants, but this was another day and another ball park. Vic Wertz, a slugging star for Cleveland, indeed, the Tribe's only star, was the hitter and he was, at the moment, batting .533. A home run would tie up the game and in the second game, Al Smith, a far less dangerous hitter than Wertz, had hit the first ball Antonelli served for a home run over the left field roof of the Polo Grounds.

Wertz, the one Indian during the Series who was making the Giants pitch to him, laid off Antonelli's first serve, which was a ball. The next three pitches were strikes and Wertz was out of there. Up stepped Wally Westlake, looked at a ball, fouled off two and took a third strike. Eight pitches and the inning was over.

Antonelli wasted scarcely any more time in the ninth. Sam Dente walked on five pitches but none of the next three hitters got even a fair ball. Jim Hegan fouled to Whitey Lockman, Pinch-hitting Dave Philley went down swinging and another pinch-hitter, Dale Mitchell, fouled to Hank Thompson to end the Series.

It was perhaps the proudest moment of Antonelli's baseball career, more thrilling even than his brilliant victory in the second game in New York when, after Smith's first-pitch homer, the southpaw blanked the Indians the rest of the way, staving off threat after threat, to win the game 3-1.

Johnny would have been less than human if he hadn't harked back to another Cleveland World Series,

this in 1948 when, as an eighteen-year old bonus baby he had joined the Boston Braves, who lost that Series to Cleveland, four games to two. In that Series, Johnny merely went along for the ride, ignored by his teammates who resented the full loser's share of \$4651.51 they had to give him. This time the winning share was a record-breaking \$11,147.50 and there was no doubt in anybody's mind, least of all his own, that Antonelli had earned this one, earned every penny of it.

Antonelli was the most fortunate and, at the same time the most unfortunate, player to break into baseball. After he had finished at Jefferson High in his native Rochester, N.Y., he was the most sought after pitcher of his day. Every major league club was gunning for him and his dad, August Antonelli, waged a shrewd sales campaign, about which more later. The upshot was that Lou Perini, owner and president of the Boston Braves, paid a bonus variously reported from \$50,000 to \$65,000 for his services.

The Braves were battling the Dodgers for the National League pennant and it would seem to be any high school kid's dream to join a club under those conditions. The eighteen-year old Johnny was speedily disillusioned. He received less attention from his teammates than did the batboy.

Billy Southworth, then managing the Braves, would gladly have sent Antonelli off in favor of a player he could have used. With the pennant race as close as

it was, Southworth didn't dare use the pea-green Antonelli but the stipulations of the bonus bargain were that Johnny could not be sent to the minors.

The other Braves resented Antonelli as so much dead wood. He counted in the player-limit of twenty-five and thus was taking up space on the bench which could have been used by a veteran minor leaguer, a substitute, a relief pitcher, a player with some possibility of help.

By the time the All-Star game was played in St. Louis that July, there were a whole raft of rumors in the Boston press about the manner in which Johnny's mates had put him in the deep freeze. For they looked upon Antonelli not only as an albatross around their necks but there was strong envy over the bonus he had received for signing. Without having pitched a ball or swung a bat, Johnny received in a lump more than all but a few players have to show at the end of long and honorable careers.

Perini, conscious of the smoldering rebellion, quenched part of the fire by giving at least one player a new contract. Pitcher Johnny Sain asked for and received a fat raise. The tobacco-chewing right-hander was in the process of running up his third straight 20-game year for Boston and his salary for all three years put together didn't total what Antonelli had received for his autograph.

It was a tough year for the young Italian and ones proportionately as tough were to follow. Johnny pitched

four innings in that first season and didn't get too much work in the two years which followed, sometimes going six weeks without doing anything more than pitching batting practice.

Small wonder that Antonelli fiercely resented the term "Bonus Baby." As recently as the 1954 season, he refused to pose for a picture with Joe Amalfitano, a Giant infielder, who was doing what Antonelli had done six years earlier—sitting out a pennant drive, too inexperienced to be trusted.

"I like Joe and I'll gladly pose with him," explained Johnny, "but that bonus stuff is over the hill now."

That Antonelli, much as he may dislike the term, should have been a bonus baby was inevitable. In high school, he pitched three-no hit shutouts, lost only one game and tied another in three years and fanned 231 in 103 innings.

The St. Louis Cardinals had a farm club in Rochester and soon their scouts were buzzing about the Antonelli home. One offer was that they would pay Johnny's way through college if he would agree to sign with them after graduation. By now, Papa Antonelli had taken a hand. Although born in Italy, the senior Antonelli had come here as a kid in his early teens, played baseball and knew what the score was. Most emphatically, he knew what the score was.

August toured training camps while Johnny still was in high school, telling all who would listen of his

son's pitching deeds and displaying newspaper clippings to prove the validity of his claims. Johnny's dad needn't have waged such a campaign for he soon was to learn that the man who sires a sensational kid southpaw is going to have much more traffic on his doorstep than any mousetrap inventor.

Young Antonelli was watched carefully and no scout turned in a bad report. All made good, substantial offers but Papa wanted the best. He finally invited representatives of all major league clubs to attend an Italian dinner at his house. After dinner, they were invited to see young Antonelli pitch. All the boy did was pitch a no-hit, no-run game and strike out 17.

There had been reported bids of \$35,000, by the Chicago Cubs, and \$50,000 each by the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Boston Red Sox. There were others, of course, but these were generally regarded as authentic. It was then that Perini stepped in the bid which reliable information puts at \$60,000.

Once the money was banked, young Antonelli's troubles began, as already related. About all Johnny got out of his training trips with the Braves was the acquaintance of Miss Rosemarie Carbone, a pretty young miss from Medford, Massachusetts, who had won a newspaper contest and received a trip to Florida as the prize. They were married in 1951, after Johnny had entered the Army, and now have a daughter, Lisa.

It was in the Army that Johnny found himself. Nobody was a bonus baby with Uncle Sam, you all

came in equally and you all did the same work, whether you liked it or not. It must have been a great relief to Antonelli to suddenly find himself among friends. With the Braves, Johnny was like a man apart. In the Army, he was one of the mob, one of a mob, in fact.

Sam Calderone, one of the reserve catchers of the Giants, had preceded Antonelli into the Army by a couple of months. When Antonelli was assigned to Fort Meyer, Virginia, he found Calderone there ahead of him. Both were assigned to the ball team and they became buddies in every sense of the word. During his service of two years, Johnny won 42 games, 20 of them in a row, including two shutouts he pitched in Japan.

It was Jefferson High in dear old Rochester all over again but against a far tougher brand of opposition. The experience which Antonelli couldn't get with the Braves came to him in the Army. He was a polished pitcher when Uncle Sam turned him out with experience added to all the physical equipment he had when the Braves paid his father a bonus of \$60,000 for his signature.

Antonelli had a great deal more confidence when he reported to the camp of the Boston Braves in Bradenton, Florida, in March 1953. He had matured and found that he was no longer being ignored by his teammates. Jolly Cholly Grimm, who had taken over the Boston managership after Antonelli entered service, was starting Johnny with a clean slate. Grimm regarded him not as a bonus baby but as a young southpaw who

possibly could help a club which had finished a dismal seventh the year before.

Things popped at such a furious rate in Bradenton that spring that no ball player's background became important. On March 18, President Perini was given permission to transfer the Braves' franchise from Boston to Milwaukee, the first major franchise shift in a half-century.

Antonelli was a regular when the Braves moved to Milwaukee. Johnny wound up with a 12-12 record, despite the fact that he was out five weeks with illness and he was fifth in earned runs with an average of 3.19. And he looked good enough to be considered a bright bet for the future.

There was considerable amazement, therefore, on February 1, 1954 when Antonelli was traded by Milwaukee to the Giants. Along with him went Don Liddle, another young left hander of promise; Billy Klaus, an infielder and Ebba St. Claire, an outsize catcher. The Braves received Bobby Thomson, whose home run had so dramatically won the 1951 pennant for the Giants and, ironically enough, Calderone, Antonelli's Army battery mate.

In the hindsight of what happened in 1954, it was a bad trade for the Braves but when they made it it reasoned soundly enough. Perini wanted badly to give the Milwaukee fans a pennant because of their loyal attendance. Sid Gordon had been traded to Pittsburgh for infield help and a right-handed hitting outfielder

was needed. The Dodgers, whom the Braves figured they had to beat for the pennant, were death on left-handers and Perini believed he could spare two left-handers since he already had Warren Spahn and another left-hander, Chet Nichols, was coming out of service.

Thomson broke his ankle sliding into second base at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Florida, on March 13 and was of limited service to the Braves all year. Meantime, Antonelli and Liddle won 30 games between them.

Remarkable is the only word for Antonelli's 1954 performance. He led the league in percentage with a 21-7 record and in earned runs with a mark of 2.29, and showed excellent control, walking only 94 in 259 innings. That averaged up to a fraction over three per game. By September 1, his record was 20-3 and he put together two streaks of five straight and eleven straight.

It was an early season game against Pittsburgh at the Polo Grounds that impressed the fact on Durocher that he had something special in Antonelli. In the early innings, Johnny couldn't get his curve ball across the plate and was walking Pirates more frequently than Captain Kidd ever did. Then he switched to his fast ball and blew it right by the Pirates.

Tom Sheehan, veteran Giant scout and an ex-pitcher himself, found Durocher elated in the clubhouse after Antonelli's performance against Pittsburgh.

"When a young pitcher finds he can't control one pitch and switches to another and is able to control that, then you know you've got something," Leo jubilantly told Tom.

Where Antonelli is unlike most young pitchers is that he not only has speed and a curve ball but he has an extra weapon in his arsenal to go with them—a deceptive change of pace. When Johnny pulls the string, he usually has his fish in the boat.

CHAPTER VIII

The Handy Man

(Hank Thompson)

BY JOHN DREBINGER

ON A SULTRY DAY IN AUGUST OF 1947 TWO YOUNG Negro players appeared on a ball field wearing the uniform of the St. Louis Browns. And that was something of a revelation.

To be sure the so-called color line which for so long had kept Negroes out of the major leagues already had been crossed by Branch Rickey who in the spring of that same year had introduced Jackie Robinson to the big time in a Dodger suit. But that was in Brooklyn. This involved St. Louis and that made it something else again. Many believed that bringing a Negro into the majors by way of the Mound City was rushing things a bit too fast.

However, before anyone had time to get really excited about the matter both players had vanished

from the scene. Neither had been even a close approach to the smooth playing Jackie Robinson, who prior to his Dodger debut already had received a considerable amount of polish and seasoning with Montreal.

These two were just a couple of youngsters, lacking even in rudimentary minor league schooling, and they never even finished the 1947 season. One of them left behind him the meagre record of having played in 21 games during which he compiled a rather unprepossessing .179 batting average. He was never seen in the majors again.

The other, however, was to come back. In fact, he was to come a long, long way back to win acclaim by players and experts alike. When Joe DiMaggio, briefly turned expert to chronicle the events of the 1954 World Series, was asked what Giant ball player had impressed him most in that four-game sweep the Polo Grounders scored over the Indians, the Clipper didn't hesitate a second.

"In my book," said the onetime Yankee great, "it would have to be Henry Thompson. I want to tell you, that little fellow played a terrific game at third base for the Giants. Up to now I don't think many have appreciated what a fine team player he is."

That could, indeed, be praise from Caesar and doubtless pleased Henry more than all the other adulations showered upon him. For if there is one award that ranks highest among baseball's professional performers it is to be called a ball player's ball player, a real team

man. And the accolade takes on added significance when offered by one of the game's own great.

Certain, too, is it that Henry merited it. For both defensively and offensively he was the "solid man" of the Giants as the men from Coogan's Bluff smothered Cleveland's Tribe in whirlwind fashion and had the American League champions counted out before they knew what had hit them.

Afield, Thompson had played a major role in giving the Giant innerworks a rock-ribbed defense as he came up with all sorts of amazing stops and bullet pegs across the diamond. And on the attack he contributed a gaudy .364 batting mark. In such profound respect did the Cleveland pitchers hold him that they gave him no fewer than seven bases on balls, more than any other player received in the series.

Yet, when he was asked what play thrilled him the most in the series he chuckled and came up with a most astonishing answer. Incidentally, Henry is a fellow who smiles very easily. In repose his facial expression seems to give the impression he is frowning about something. But don't let that fool you. He is a most affable, friendly bloke and never sore at anybody.

No, the play which gave him the greatest bang in the 1954 World Series, wasn't either of his two glittering stops which, together with the amazing catch by Willie Mays, had helped throttle the Indians in the first game. Nor was it that headlong plunge he made in the second game when he collared a vicious slam

off the bat of Bobby Avila, picked himself up and fired the ball to Davey Williams to complete an eye-filling force play at second base.

"No," he said, "the play that gave me the biggest thrill was that little pop foul that Dale Mitchell lifted up back of third base in the ninth inning of the fourth game. When that ball landed in my glove for the last out it meant we had cleaned up the series in four straight and believe me, I don't think baseball can ever give me a bigger thrill."

And well it could have been a four-star thriller for Henry. For the climb to the top had been a long and arduous one for the compact, well muscled little fellow who back in 1947 had made one abortive attempt to crash the major leagues and four years later almost skidded into obscurity a second time.

That he made it at all can only be attributed to an assorted number of inherent traits. A deep rooted love for baseball. A fierce determination to follow Jackie Robinson, the trail blazer, into the big leagues. And, characteristic of his race, an abounding good nature, backed by an extraordinary capacity for accepting whatever fortune may have in store for him right in stride.

Henry just wouldn't know how to complain. Even the fact that the Browns never gave him much of a trial in 1947 aroused no feeling of resentment. The story was the Browns had signed Thompson and Willard

Brown as a publicity stunt with no intention of holding either for long.

"Shucks, we were just a couple of kids with not even any minor league experience. But even though they didn't let us finish out the season they paid us off in full and you can't beef about that," is the way Henry summarized that incident.

Nor in the years that followed, when he returned to the big leagues as a Giant, was there ever a word of complaint when his manager, Leo Durocher, seemed unable to make up his mind on what to do with Henry. There were times when Leo thought Thompson should play the outfield. Then he had him in the infield, either at second base or third. Shipped briefly to Minneapolis, there was even a fling at shortstop. And then there were times Leo would leave Henry just sitting quietly on the bench.

But Henry took it all with characteristic fortitude, biding his time when he knew he'd be back in there again. Not that Henry is a fellow you can push around.

Once on a winter night, driving home with some friends, there was a collision with a taxi cab. Also a sharp exchange of words. Henry's friends, including Monte Irvin's brother, were all bigger than he was—for Henry stands only a little over five-foot-nine, weighs about 170. But Henry got right into the thick of it and told the driver off in style.

Unfortunately this did not turn out so well. Before

the others could intervene, the driver, doubtless a Dodger rooter, brought a board down on Henry's head, opening a gash that required several stitches. Later he made the philosophical observation, "It's a mighty good thing I've got a strong head."

On the whole, though, Henry, as with most Negro players, exudes a cheery nature and out on the ball field there is a constant flow of barbs and witticisms passing among them to the amazement of their colleagues.

Perhaps it was just as well nature had supplied Henry with ample good humor and the fortitude to withstand life's vicissitudes. For the road to the top was anything but a smooth one.

Henry was born in Oklahoma City on Dec. 8, 1925. He was one of seven, there being four girls and three boys in the Thompson menage which somehow took to migrating early and often. From Oklahoma, the Thompsons moved to Texas where for a time they made their home in Dallas.

Then they packed up and headed for California to make their abode in Los Angeles with more shuttling between Texas and the Coast following. However, despite this rather nomadic life, Henry's education was never neglected. He went through grade school and was graduated from high school in Los Angeles before he was seventeen.

Henry just can't remember when he wasn't crazy to play baseball. As a wee youngster he used to have

his brothers toss rocks which he would belt with a broom handle. Up to the time he was thirteen he was known as the kid with the catcher's glove, a mitt almost as big as himself. This seems strange since catching is the one position he has never been called upon to fill. At one time or another he has been at practically all the others.

It was while attending high school that Henry, by way of picking up a little extra money for himself, took to playing sandlot and semi-pro baseball in the vicinity of Los Angeles. He also showed considerable proficiency at basketball and in later years was to go on a brief barnstorming tour with Monte Irvin and several other players. But major league clubs do not like their players risking their limbs prancing around basketball courts and quickly ended that.

But Henry didn't mind. Basketball, after all, had never been more than a sideline, something to keep him active in the winter months. Baseball was all he ever really cared about and it was from the sandlots of California that he made his first climb up the ladder, little dreaming, however, that some day it would lead him into the domain of the white man's major league. For this was some years before Robinson was to break through the barrier in the National League, followed a few months later by Larry Doby in the American League.

Through the efforts of a friend, Henry received an invitation to try out with the Kansas City Monarchs,

a team in the National Negro League. And now began a real migratory existence for our Master Thompson as he proceeded to make baseball a full time occupation.

Fast and agile, with a good pair of hands and a strong throwing arm, Henry quickly made his mark. Even more appealing was the fact that despite his rather diminutive size, as ball players go, he could propel a ball with tremendous power. A lefthanded batsman, he developed into a pull hitter who was to plague many a pitcher, particularly in later years when he came to the Polo Grounds with that park's conveniently short right field foul line.

But Henry was still a long way off from New York's historic Polo Grounds. He was playing with the Monarchs and he was barnstorming all over the United States. Among his teammates was Satchel Paige, most famous of all the Negro pitchers. He gave Henry a lot of tips on how to hit certain pitches and later on some words of sound wisdom when Henry received his first chance in the majors with the Browns.

"Just take it easy, boy," advised Ol' Satchmo, who was more than twice Henry's age. "Don't get in no trouble, do what you're told and when you're on that ball field give it everything you got."

Incidentally, Paige, who a year later was to make his own belated debut in the major leagues, preached that doctrine to all Negro players.

But even the Browns were still a long way off



BOSS MAN—Horace C. Stoneham, Giant president, carries on the family tradition. Like his late father, Horace puts the Giants ahead of everything else.



LEGAL EAGLE—Edgar M. Feeley, club treasurer and general counsel, watches purse strings and legal loopholes.

THE VEEP—Charles S. (Chub) Feeney, vice-president and Horace's right hand man, often also his mouthpiece.





TRAVELLING SEC—Dapper is the word for Eddie Brannick, who guides the Giants around the league. He has been with the ball club for a half-century and gets younger every year.

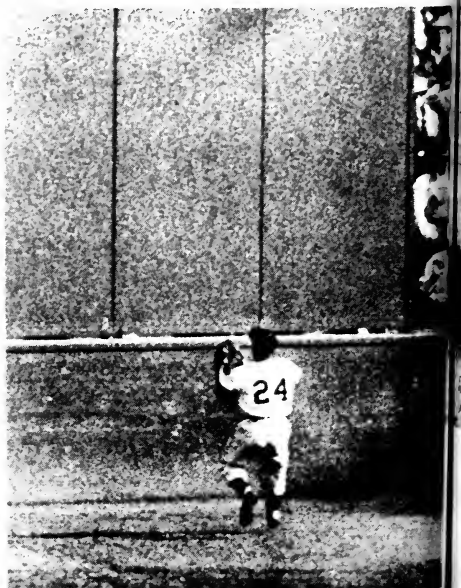
THE SKIPPER—Once they hated Leo Durocher at the Polo Grounds, but that was when he was in Brooklyn. With two NL pennants in four years, he's a hero on the Harlem now.





SAY HEY!—Willie Mays, the most exciting ball player to come to the majors in many a year.

THE CATCH—The amazin' Mays saving the first game of the 1954 World Series by robbing Cleveland's Vic Wertz.





POWER, PLUS—Johnny Antonelli, one-time bonus baby, turned into a strong-armed southpaw with the Giants.



HAPPY HEROES, INC.—The Giants, World Champions, 1954.

Front Row (L-R): John Antonelli, Sal Maglie, Whitey Lockman, coaches Larry Jansen and Fred Fitzsimmons, Secretary Edward T. Brannick, Manager Leo Durocher, coaches Frank Shellenback and Herman Franks, Dave Williams, Henry Thompson and Dr. Anthony M. Palermo, team physician, batboy Bob Weinstein in front. Middle Row: clubhouse custodian Edward Logan, Hoyt

Wilhelm, Dusty Rhodes, Willie Mays, Don Mueller, captain Alvin Dark, Monte Irvin, Bill Taylor, Bob Hofman, Joe Garagiola, Ruben Gomez, trainer Frank Bowman. Back Row: Paul Giel, Joe Amalfitano, Don Liddle, Bill Gardner, Al Worthington, Foster Castleman, John McCall, Alex Konikowski, Al Corwin, Marv Grissom, Ray Katt, George Spencer, Wes Westrum, Jim Hearn.

HOME, SWEET HOME—The Polo Grounds, one of America's most historic ball parks.





THE CAPTAIN—Alvin Dark, captain, shortstop and play-maker of the World's Champions.



THE STRATEGISTS — Manager Durocher (l.) and his aides—Herman Franks, Fred Fitzsimmons, Frank Shellenback. (Right) Larry Jansen.





THE BARBER—Sal Maglie has been in many a close shave but the right hander has never nicked himself once.



HAMMERIN' HANK—Hank Thompson is there when a hit or a stop is needed. He cools off the hot corner.



THE ROCK — Wes Westrum takes everything the Giant pitchers have to offer, which is more than can be said for enemy hitters.

GATEWAY KID — Whitey Lockman outfielder by trade and first baseman by necessity.



FIRST AID CORPS—Hoyt Wilhelm (top) and Marv Grissom come in from the bull pen when things get rough, Hoyt with his knuckler and Marv with his screwball.





STEADY MAN — Monte Irvin, left fielder, delivers on his own when he has to and proved it in final World Series game.

KEYSTONE KID—When Davey Williams plays second base, there's no comedy about it.



THE MAGICIAN—Don Mueller not only "hits 'em where they ain't" but hits 'em where they never were.

CLUTCH MAN—Dusty Rhodes is there when the Giants need him, as his pinch-hitting record shows.





PRIZE PACKAGE—Don Liddle, little left-hander, was the surprise man in the big deal with the Braves in 1954.



EL SENOR—Ruben Gomez, slender Puerto Rican right hander, throws one of the best screwballs in the majors.

as young Henry Thompson toured about with the Monarchs, occasionally with other Negro clubs in exhibition games. When winter came he followed the birds southward, landing in Havana where he was able to make ball playing a real round-the-year profession. He signed to play with Mike Gonzales' Havana Red Lions.

In the spring it was back again to Kansas City and the Monarchs until one day in late July of 1947 he received word that a Mr. Bill DeWitt wanted to see him in St. Louis. Between games he hustled off to see what this was about, taking with him Willard Brown, a teammate.

The Browns were then owned by Richard Muckerman and DeWitt was his general manager. Without much ado, DeWitt came right to the point. He said to Henry and his companions:

"How would you two like to play for the Browns?"

Even for Henry, who by now already had become inured to unforeseen developments, this was something of a jolt. But presently Henry found his tongue and managed to stammer out it would please both he and his pal very much. In a few days negotiations between the Browns and the Monarchs was completed. How much money changed hands in the transaction Henry never knew because most of the "sale" price went to the Monarchs to whom he was bound by a contract of sorts.

It was, to say the least, a dazzling experience. For up to this moment there were only two Negro players

in the major leagues. Robinson, who had started that spring with the Dodgers in the National. Doby, who about a week before Henry had signed with the Browns, had come to the Indians in the American circuit.

Muddy Ruel, who that previous winter had succeeded Luke Sewell, was the manager of the Browns. All hands tried to make a go of it, but it didn't work. As Henry himself frankly concedes, "We were just a couple of kids with no real experience for that kind of fast company and we didn't know what it was all about."

Playing second base, he did manage to get into 27 games for the Browns, who weren't doing any too well either. They were wallowing in last place. To make matters worse, this was the second of the post war years and the pace in the majors had stepped up considerably. The pitching was sharp and fast.

Henry managed to connect for 20 hits. One was a double, one was a triple. He hit no homers. As the Browns staggered into September it was apparent the "noble experiment," as Rickey called it in Brooklyn, wasn't paying off in St. Louis and both Henry and his pal, Willie Brown, were paid off and sent packing. Incidentally, though Willie never did come back to the majors, he later did catch on in the minors and did quite well for himself in the Texas League after that circuit let down the bars against Negroes.

Right now, however, Henry and Willie returned to the Monarchs and in the following winter returned

to Havana, a procedure Henry also was to follow through 1948. And it was here that two very important events happened in the life of our Henry. In Cuba he met a flashing eyed beauty named Maria Quesada whom he later was to marry. And in the winter of that 1948-49 Cuban season his ball playing came under the eye of one Hank DeBerry.

Hank earlier had gained considerable renown as the only catcher to whom the famed Dazzy Vance ever wanted to pitch. In fact, in all the years the Dazzler hurled in Brooklyn he would work with no other receiver. But when Vance passed out of the leagues, Hank had to seek work elsewhere and he was now engaged as scout for the Giants.

Touring Havana that winter DeBerry happened to take especial notice of Thompson. He liked his hustling, aggressive style of play and before he knew it Henry was getting his second invitation to appear in a major league uniform.

Once again there was a business transaction in which Henry played only a minor role. He was still under contract to the Monarchs who again received most of the purchase price. But Henry wasn't worrying about that. He was on his way for a second crack at the big time although at the start there was a slight detour. After a brief trial the Giants shipped him to their Jersey City farm club where they also had sent another promising Negro player, Monte Irvin.

In Jersey City Thompson played in 63 games,

belted a robust .296 and clouted fourteen homers. Also, on June 9 of that year, Henry married his Havana sweetheart. Things were really moving for Henry. Directly after the wedding in New York he had to hustle back to Jersey City to play in a doubleheader.

Meanwhile, at the Polo Grounds, where Durocher was embarking on his first full season as manager, things still weren't going any too well for Leo in his efforts to develop "my kind of team." But he brought up Thompson from Jersey City and that did improve matters. Playing in 75 games Henry turned in a respectable mark of .280 and hit nine more home runs while alternating in the field between second base and third.

That sent him off winging in 1950 and as the Giants that season climbed out of the second division to finish third, Henry lent more than a helping hand. He smacked the ball for an impressive .289 average, clouted 20 homers, played both infield and outfield and took part in 148 games, practically the entire Giant schedule.

Our Mr. Henry was now the toast of Harlem. But here he was to encounter a pitfall that all but sent him skidding out of the majors a second time. Always a congenial sort, though during the playing season he sticks to the strictest training rules, Henry just couldn't resist the adulation of his friends.

He was wined and dined wherever he went and

when he reported to the Giant training camp in Phoenix, Ariz., the following spring he found himself the victim of what happens to most players following a too opulent winter. In short, he was hog fat and pounds overweight.

Durocher greeted him with a critical eye and promptly slapped him in his dog house. What followed was easily just about the worst year Henry has ever known, before or since. Asked some years later if he could recall when he broke his toe, he replied with a grim, "Must have been 1951. Because, God knows, every thing else happened to me that year."

It was that year he broke his toe. Happened in May and that further retarded his weight reducing efforts. A man just can't jump around taking off excess pounds while recovering from a broken toe. When he finally was ready to return to action the Giants shipped him to Ottawa, whence they had transferred their Jersey City franchise in the International League, and from there moved him over to Minneapolis, their other Triple-A farm club in the American Association.

Here Henry experienced a sparkling recovery. He played third base, shortstop and the outfield. Hit the ball for a resounding .340 average. That in short order had him back with the Giants.

But he was still in Durocher's dog house and, besides, Leo at the time had other things to occupy his undivided attention. For this was the year that the

Giants were making their historical pull-up which ended in their so-called "miracle pennant victory" over the Dodgers in the memorable playoff. Even Durocher, much as he dotes on shaking up his lineup, dared not monkey with a winning combination that back in August started whittling away a 13½-game lead held by an overconfident Dodger club. Bobby Thomson was playing a great game at third base. Willie Mays was doing incredible stunts in center field.

Henry just sat on the bench and he was still sitting there in the last half of the ninth inning of the third playoff game with the Brooks when something happened that catapulted Henry into the world series practically over night. Don Mueller, Giant right-fielder, sliding into third base in that epic ninth, sprained his ankle and had to be carried from the field. A moment later Thomson hit his "miracle homer" and the next day the Giants were facing the Yankees in the first game of the 1951 World Series with Henry Thompson in right field.

It was a rugged assignment. Not only had Henry played the outfield very little that year but for almost two months hadn't played anywhere at all. Just sat on the bench. It proved one of those Leo "hunches" that went completely sour. Henry committed two damaging errors, hit only .143. It was, as he ruefully expressed it later, "a fitting climax to the sort of year I had all the way."

The following year he again found himself the victim of another one of Leo's hunches. With Willie Mays, late in May, marching off to serve in the Army, Durocher, though he had had weeks to prepare himself for the emergency, elected to play Thompson in center field. Much simpler would have been to play Bobby Thomson in center, where he had starred before, and Henry at third where he already had plenty of experience.

But when Leo decides to do the unusual he does it, regardless. Henry, scarcely ever having played centerfield before, proved a dismal failure and before Leo could correct the mistake the Giants had lost ground in the pennant race which they never were able to make up.

However, Henry refused to become discouraged. He may have resented deeply the way Leo had pushed him around. Also the way the manager insisted that Henry could not hit left handers and kept hauling him out of the lineup whenever the Giants faced southpaws. But Henry refused to offer a hint of complaint. Asked whether he had trouble batting against left handers, he countered with, "Who says they give me trouble?" When it was pointed out this seemed to be the impression one gained from his manager, Henry shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

In 1953 the Giants had an extremely bad year, tumbling back into the second division. But Henry was

one of their few shining lights, batting .302, exploding 24 homers and playing second, third and an occasional turn in left or right field.

And then came 1954 when Henry really moved into his own as an all around ball player, a solid contributor to the Giants pennant and World Series triumphs. Oddly his batting mark slipped to .263, but as a clutch hitter he got a tremendous lot of mileage out of those blows. Twenty-six of them were good for homers—at one stretch he belted five in as many games. He compiled a slugging mark of .487 and it mattered not whether the pitching was left or right handed.

Next came the World Series in which Henry was to win the unstinting praise of so exacting a performer as DiMaggio and for Henry the road to the top had finally been completed. It had been a tough haul but he made it largely because at no time did he ever lose his confidence or his good nature.

After that four-straight World Series, Henry in company with a group of other Negro major league players, went off on a barnstorming tour that carried them from the Atlantic to the Pacific and down to New Orleans. Asked how the trip fared, he replied, "Well, we didn't make any money. But we sure had a lot of fun."

He lives in a neatly appointed apartment directly back of the Polo Grounds at 157th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. He has a deep rooted affection for the arena. When, after his disastrous 1951 season, his employer,

Horace Stoneham, sought to cut his salary, Henry accepted it but gained one concession from his boss. He got permission to sell Christmas trees that winter on the parking lot adjoining the ball park.

There is a lot more to Henry than meets the eye. And among the boys in the trade there is no better liked ball player.

CHAPTER IX

The Receiver

(Wes Westrum)

BY JIM McCULLEY

ROY CAMPANELLA AND YOGI BERRA ARE BETTER HITTERS on the record, but Wes Westrum bows to no man in the art of running a ball game from his crouch behind the batter. The gifted catcher for the Giants applies himself to his work with such machine-like precision that they call him "Iron Mike." He is the next thing to perfection in the mechanical duties of receiving a pitcher; he is a deadly menace to baserunners with his steel-spring arm; and he is a human Gibraltar guarding the plate against a prowling enemy.

But if Wesley Noreen Westrum's actions on the field suggest that he is some kind of a mechanical man dressed in flannels, with a robot's right arm and the personality of a dolt, the impression thus gained is entirely false.

Westrum is a warm human being—all five-eleven and 190 pounds of him—who feels deeply about everything that touches him; a conversationalist on literature and world affairs; and a man of understanding concerning the welfare of his fellow players.

Wes is, in fact, according to those who play with him and know him well, a “brain” and a sort of virtuoso. He is a brain to his colleagues because he can speak fluently and intelligently about other things besides baseball. And he is a virtuoso, well . . .

Once Paderewski was asked by a critic to explain his greatness and style at the piano and why he could make such a difficult task look so easy.

“It was not always thus,” the Master replied. “What you see and hear now is a total result of many, many hours of toil and gallons of sweat. Before one can become a virtuoso, one must become a drudge.”

To make a point, granted poetic license, one might call Westrum a Paderewski of the Pads. Because his road to the top required many hours of toil and gallons of sweat, and sometimes bitter disappointment, all of which has rendered him somewhat of a virtuoso in his particular form of art.

For no one can deny that the Giant catcher is a receiver of style and class matched by few who chose his calling, a catcher who handles a foul-tip or a foul pop or a bunt with unequaled skill, and who gets the most out of pitchers.

In 1950 Westrum set a record for major league

catchers that will stand until the perfect catcher comes along. He fielded .999 while playing in 140 games.

"Oh boy, if I could only hit like I used to. . . ." He hit five grand slam homers in a half a season with Jersey City before the Giants called him. Westrum admits that he might now be getting a "little muscle bound" in explaining his low batting average of the past couple of seasons. But everyone agrees, friend and foe alike, that no sinewy tissue grows between Wes' ears.

Old Marv Grissom had his best year in the majors in 1954. "Westrum makes things so easy for a pitcher," says the right hander, 37. "I never had it so easy and I pitched in almost 60 games, twice as many as I ever pitched before. Wes not only knows all the hitters but he knows his own pitchers, which is just as important. What I mean is, he doesn't just call certain pitches for certain batters but he knows exactly the pitch I should throw to certain hitters in certain situations. I've pitched to a lot of receivers, but I'll take Nappy over any of 'em by a wide margin."

"Nappy" is an endearing nickname the Giants have for their favorite catcher. It has no reference to Napoleon as so many baseball writers first thought. Wes likes his shut-eye and he's always going someplace "to take a nap." Nobody, however, catches him napping on the diamond.

"If you haven't got your stuff, it's hard to win," says Sal (The Barber) Maglie, the human blackjack

the Giants use on their Dodger rivals. "But your receiver can help you immensely when you're in trouble. In that respect Westrum gives a pitcher 100 per cent cooperation.

"I recall one game early in 1954 when Pee Wee Reese beat me in the ninth inning with a home run that sliced into the right field stands at the Polo Grounds. I'm not blaming anybody for that one but myself, but I'm sure if Westrum had been behind the plate the chances of that happening would have been practically nil. Right at that point, when Reese came to bat, I'll bet he would have cautioned me against the possibilities of Reese and the right field home run. Those are the things a pitcher gets to take for granted when Westrum is catching."

When Eddie Stanky was with the Giants, he was always testing out the mentality and the alertness of the writers traveling with the club. The Brat liked nothing better than to hang it on a reporter. One day he fired this question at the boys:

"Who's the most well-read man on this club? Who's the brain around here?"

Well, there were a few college-bred men on the club and the names of such guys as Stanky's roomie, Al Dark, and Jim Hearn, and Bobby Thomson and Bill Rigney flashed through the great minds. Finally somebody yelled out, "Rigney!"

"Wrong again," Stanky shot back. "Your man is Westrum . . . a real brain."

The rest of the players proved Stanky's point more than once in those days when the club traveled entirely by train. They used to play a lot of charades then, and Wes was always one of the first to be picked when they chose up sides.

"And to think," says Wes, shaking his head, "that I almost threw my baseball career right out the window."

Out the window?

"That's right. It was back in the Summer of 1940. We had played a game in Winnipeg that day and that night we were on our way back home to Crookston—a long way by bus, that trip.

"Well, it was a hot, dusty night, and it got so it was unbearable in that bus with the windows closed. So I went to open the window by my seat and it stuck. So I stood up and pressed both my palms against the glass trying to shake it loose a little. Just then the bus gave a lurch and my right arm went right through the glass.

"I knew the arm was sliced pretty bad, but we were right in the middle of nowhere. So I grabbed a towel and we bandaged it up the best we could and I rode all the way home that way . . . eight long hours. Not that it hurt, but I was worried about not playing ball. I imagined all kinds of things. Well, they took about a dozen stitches in it, right above the wrist, and fortunately no tendons were severed. I was back playing before the season was over."

The scar of that nightmare still is with the Giant catcher, along with countless others on his right hand. Every finger on his right hand has been fractured, stove and dented "beyond the call of duty," so to speak, and he deserves a medal of honor every time he puts on the paraphernalia of his trade. And with clusters every time he boxes Hoyt Wilhelm's knuckler.

Westrum's "most memorable" day in baseball was provided by Bobby Thomson and the home run against Brooklyn that won the Miracle Pennant of 1951 for the Giants.

"That's got to top them all," says the husky backstop, his blue eyes aflame like a star sapphire.

"There'll never be another thrill like that one nor a pennant like that one. Winning the World Series in four straight against the Indians had its moments, but nothing compared to Bobby's big belt."

However, there is another day in the baseball life of the Giant catcher which is written indelibly in his memory. It is a personal triumph which he recalls modestly.

"I guess I'll never forget the afternoon of June 20, 1950, either," Wes recalls. "We were playing Cincinnati in the Polo Grounds and I hit three home runs the first three times up. The first one was off Ken Raffensberger, I know, and then I forget who else. But anyway I came up for the fourth time and hit a ball right on the nose again . . . and I missed a fourth one by

inches, a foul ball. Then I hit a triple to the bullpen in right field. What a day. Haven't come close to one like that since."

When Durocher shunted from Brooklyn to the Polo Grounds in the Summer of 1948, he bragged that the Dodgers would run on the Giants no more, now that he was manager of Horace Stoneham's club.

And they haven't ever since. But Leo can thank Westrum for making his boast stick. When Wes is behind the plate the Brooks stay put.

But they had to learn their lesson the hard way. In the early innings of the opening game of the 1951 playoffs for the National League pennant, two Dodger runners tried to take second base on the cuff. Westrum nailed them both, and the Giants won a tough contest, 3-1.

The Brooks never tried to run after that and there are some experts still who claim that the Brooks subsequent immobility on the basepaths cost them that game and eventually the pennant.

Anyway, everybody in the league respects Westrum's high-powered right arm, and any liberties a runner takes he takes against the pitcher.

You'd think they could steal a base when a guy like Wilhelm, the knuckle ball pitcher, is out there on the mound. But listen to Mr. Knuckles:

"That's one of the reasons for my effectiveness. When Westrum's back there I don't worry about them stealing. I can tend to my work against the batter and

forget about the runner on first. If I keep a runner reasonably close to the bag, he doesn't have a chance to steal on Westrum."

Westrum's aggressiveness isn't flashy, like that of some other players, but that's because it is wrapped up in a tunic of quiet confidence. But nobody tries to pull the wool over his eyes because they know they can't get away with it.

The Giant catcher has been booted out of more than one ball game, and he has lost a close decision here and there, but he's generally popular with umpires and players alike. He seldom has a run-in with anybody.

"He's a real pro," is the way veteran umpire Babe Pinelli puts it, "and one who knows his business from A to Z. You hardly ever hear him squawk and when he does it's at least 50-50 he has one coming."

For all of Westrum's fine work for the Giants since he first earned himself a steady varsity job in '49, it looked like *sic transit gloria* for the guy at the beginning of 1954.

When he signed his contract for that year, the front office gave him a big cut in pay and when he was so brash as to ask why he was told:

"Well, Wes, Ol' boy, there is a young man coming up named Ray Katt and he is going to do most of the catching. You can just sit back and have a nice easy season. You're going to be well paid for what you're going to do."

Or words to that effect. And it sure looked as though the boys up front knew what they were talking about, too, because Durocher's opening speech at Spring training carried the announcement that: "Ray Katt is my No. 1 catcher."

If that wasn't galling enough, Westrum discovered that Katt, the man who had taken his job away from him, was his roommate in the bargain. But did Westrum go into a protracted sulk? He did not, and, in fact, he went out of his way to help the rookie in any way he could. While Katt was up there taking his practice cuts with the regulars, Westrum caught batting practice and more than once was heard cheering his appointed successor. For Westrum is a team man all the way, and so he bided his time . . . and it came, as it does to all worthies.

It was in the middle of May, and the Giants weren't going as well as expected. And Durocher was on the spot. So after conferring at length with Hunchy, The Little Green-eyed Man with the Orange Shoes, The Lip came out of his seance with his first Operation Shakewell of the season.

And the next day Westrum was back behind the plate. Philadelphia was at the Polo Grounds. Against the Phils, the Giants pulled out of the doldrums on three straight shutout pitching performances. Grissom, Maglie and Antonelli pitched and Westrum called 'em.

Westrum was again to hit the bench, because of his weak hitting, but always when the Giants ran into

serious trouble, he left it. When the pitching staff faltered, it was Wes who got the boys straightened out. The Man from Minnesota had his ins-and-outs in 1954, but he was in there throughout the final drive and he caught every inning of the historic World Series.

Young Antonelli finished off the Indians in the final inning of the final game, and struck out two men.

"I couldn't miss," said Johnny after his great relief chore. "Not with Westrum calling the pitches. I threw every pitch with the utmost confidence."

The scene in the Giant clubhouse following the final World Series triumph of 1954 reminded veteran observers of another such scene which took place after the sixth and final game of the 1944 Series in St. Louis. Then it was that Mort Cooper, who had closed it out with a two-hit performance against Browns, was being engaged by newsreel men and reporters.

Finally Billy Southworth, then manager of the Cards, stood up and pointed to a player sitting alone in another corner.

"There's your man," said Southworth. "He's the one responsible for today's victory and all the others."

The man in the corner was young Walker Cooper, brother of Mort and his batterymate.

And so it was just ten years later, that Durocher pointed to Westrum and said: "Go ask him about Antonelli. He's the guy who called the pitches."

One would think that Westrum would feel a slight bitterness toward his manager for the humiliation suf-

ferred early in the 1954 season. For Leo was outspoken in his attitude toward Wes, and his anxiety for Katt to make good. But Westrum holds no grudge, and indeed he credits Durocher with making him the finely polished receiver that he is.

"I learned things along the way, from Fred Neisler, a former catcher who managed me at Crookston, and from Rosy Ryan, and from Willis Hudlin, the old Cleveland pitcher. And I found some things out for myself. But Leo has taught me some of the finer things about this game which I never recognized until I played for him. I know the likes and dislikes of most of the hitters. But Leo made me begin to realize these likes and dislikes are subject to change at any given moment depending on situations. When you can put the puzzle together quickly, then the rest is fairly easy. And he made it easier for me."

Wes was recently elected Town Constable of Hyde Park, N.Y. where he has lived for the past few years during the off season, but he wants to make baseball his life's work.

"I've got quite a few years of active baseball left in this body," he says, "and when that's all gone, I'd like to stay in the game in some capacity. Maybe I'll never make it as a big league manager, but I'm willing to try my hand at managing some place. At least I can give it a whirl in the minors."

One thing in Wes' favor in case he goes seeking a

manager's job; he certainly knows how to handle pitchers, which a lot of managers around today don't.

Wes was born in 1922 in Clearbrook, Minn., of Norwegian parents. His father was a dairy farmer and his mother a school teacher.

"I heard baseball from the time I can remember," says Nappy. "From my mother's side of the family. Mom's two brothers both played ball, semi pro. Uncle Smoky Robinson, was a right-handed pitcher. Bunty Robinson was a third baseman. They tell me Smoky could have gone to the big leagues but he didn't want to leave Minnesota and all his friends."

Wes' baseball career began when he was eight, in the Junior American Legion league.

"I can remember playing on the town team when I was 12. I remember because that's when they made me a catcher. I started out as an infielder, playing second and short, but one day the catcher got hurt. They tagged me and I had to put on the mask. I've been a catcher ever since and I wouldn't want to play anywhere else even if I could. I enjoy it back of the plate."

When Westrum came East, as a Giant farmhand, following his service in Uncle Sam's Army, he met and married the former Josephine Caccoma, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. They have a daughter in the family, Joanne, two.

"Unless they allow girls in the big leagues some-

day," smiles Wes, "I guess the Westrum baseball dynasty is going to begin and end with yours truly."

Nevertheless, the name of Westrum will always be an integral part of the baseball record book.

CHAPTER X

The Señor

(Ruben Gomez)

BY TOM MEANY

RUBEN GOMEZ IS PROBABLY THE ONLY PLAYER IN the history of baseball who received recognition in his native land *three* times for the same performance! The occasion, of course, was Ruben's victory over Cleveland in the third game of the 1954 World Series. The day Gomez pitched in Cleveland for the Giants, October 1, a Friday, nobody in Puerto Rico who had access to a radio would do a tap of work.

This was especially true in the capital city of San Juan, where Ruben now makes his home and where he went to school, although he was born in Arroyo. When Gomez beat the Indians, there was literally dancing in the streets. And far into the night, too, even though Puerto Ricans, being in the Atlantic time zone, have an hour's headstart on the Eastern section of the

United States, which meant they began receiving the play-by-play broadcast an hour earlier.

Nobody worked while the game was being played, for obvious reasons, and nobody felt like working after Gomez had won it, for equally obvious reasons. So much for Holiday No. 1. To understand Holiday No. 2, you must appreciate that dat ole debbil television is a comparative newcomer to the island. The result was that Puerto Ricans were able to *see* the game they listened to the day before on Saturday, October 2. Naturally, anybody who could get close to a TV receiver paid no attention to anything else.

The third holiday was the McCoy, being formally declared such when Gomez returned to San Juan after the World Series. Governor Munoz Marin made the official proclamation and Ruben and his wife, Theresa, were paraded through the streets.

There was ample reason for the Islanders to honor Gomez. Puerto Rico is wild about baseball and Ruben was only the second native son to appear in a World Series. Luis Olmo, part-timing it with the Dodgers, had hit a home run against the Yankees in 1949 but the Yanks had won the series.

Gomez pitched a game worthy of the honors accorded him. The lithesome right-hander had a shutout going into the seventh when Vic Wertz tagged him for a home run to right-center. Since the Giants already had seven runs by that time Wertz's homer was unimportant, except to his relatives.

After the first two innings, in which his control was a little shaky, Gomez was in complete command. He was getting his screwball across time after time for a called strike on the first pitch. The Tribal hitters, if they could be called such before Gomez, made only four hits in the entire game, the aforementioned homer by Wertz, two singles and an eight-inning pinch-double by Bill Glynn.

It was Glynn's hit which got Gomez in trouble. Actually, it was a sinking fly ball to right which Don Mueller could have caught had he played it perfectly. Ruben needed only one pitch to dispose of Pinch-hitter Dale Mitchell and then Alvin Dark made an inexplicable wild throw on an easy chance of a simple bounder by Al Smith. When Gomez walked Bobby Avila, Manager Durocher decided to lift Gomez.

It wasn't that Leo had lost faith in Ruben. The run which Cleveland scored on Dark's wild throw still left New York with a comfortable 7-2 cushion and only five outs to go but Durocher was obeying the old axiom of Joe McCarthy, who won so many pennants for the Yankees, "Never let the game get away that you've got already won." Out came Gomez, in went Hoyt Wilhelm and out went the Indians.

Gomez became a star quickly with the Giants. In 1953, his first year with the club, he won 13 games, more than anybody else on Durocher's staff that year and he had a 17-9 record as a sophomore in '54. It was a tribute to Ruben's rapid rise with the Giants that

the World Series of 1954 was broadcast in Spanish as well as in English in New York City, a tribute to Gomez and the number of Puerto Rican residents of the city, which is more than one-half million.

The handsome Puerto Rican Negro has all of the Latin traits. He is fiercely competitive and frequently tardy. It isn't generally known but he almost missed the chartered plane which was taking the Giants to Cleveland immediately after the second World Series game had been played in New York.

Secretary Eddie Brannick already had left Gomez's transportation at the airlines' desk, the door of the plane was shut, the portable steps were wheeled away when onto the airstrip sauntered Ruben. Durocher didn't exactly sing, "Ruben, Ruben, I've Been Waiting," to him, either. Gomez explained that he had been caught in a crush of admirers and couldn't get away.

When Gomez signed up, along with Willie Mays, to play for Santurce in the Puerto Rican Winter League for the 1954-55 season, the opening game, against San Juan at Parque Sixto Escobar was on a Sunday. The players of both teams lined up along the baselines for the ceremony of throwing out the first ball. There was a slight delay until Gomez leisurely came out to join his mates.

"Ruben likes to make the—how you say it—entrance," understandingly explained Rafael Pont Flores, a local sports writer and announcer.

If Gomez is a prima donna about making an entrance, let it be understood there is nothing of the prima donna about him once the game starts. He has great pitching equipment, with special stress on his screwball, and, thanks to understanding handling by Wes Westrum, he knows how to mix it up effectively. He has a good fast ball, which he uses as Sal Maglie does his, and he has added the third pitch so necessary to hurlers these days, a slider.

When Gomez first came up in 1953, he had trouble beating the Dodgers and there were many who thought that Durocher might use him sparingly against the Brooks. Brooklyn is loaded with right-handed power and a right-hander's screwball is not nearly as effective against right-handed batters as it is against left-handed batters. Yet Ruben's variety is such that he beat the Dodgers four out of five in 1954.

Perhaps the greatest asset of Gomez, aside from his pitching stuff, is that he is an athlete, rather than merely a pitcher. Durocher often uses him for a pinch-runner and, if the Giant bench were not as well stocked as it is with pinch-hitters, he could well be called upon to bat for some of his mound brethren. Ruben's average may not be impressive but he stands up at the dish like a man who means business.

It is in fielding that Gomez's athletic ability shows itself. He is deft, fast and agile in covering his position, maybe the best fielding pitcher in baseball today. Bob

Lemon of the Indians, who played both infield and outfield before he took up pitching, is no slouch but Ruben is far more active.

Gomez made two outstanding plays in his World Series victory over Cleveland, one in the very first inning which may have had a vital part in his staying in the game, since he had walked Smith, the first batter, on four straight pitches. Avila bunted to Gomez's right and Ruben pounced on the ball, then slipped on the somewhat damp turf as he wheeled to throw. From an almost prone position, he whipped the ball to Whitey Lockman to nail Avila. He retired the next two hitters to end the inning and was in the driver's seat thereafter.

The other exceptional play Gomez made came in the second when he got a force-out of Dave Philley on a ball hit back to the box by George Strickland. The average pitcher would have settled for the routine play at first. Oddly enough, the only other fielding chance offered Gomez was in the next inning when Smith hit a line drive right back at him. Ruben had to catch it in self-defense.

Tom Sheehan, the Giant scout who signed Gomez, thinks the Puerto Rican is the best fielding pitcher he ever saw. "Fred Fitzsimmons was a great fielding pitcher," admits Tom, "but I think Ruben is quicker. And that goes for another great fielding pitcher the Giants had, Wayland Dean, who came to the Giants from Louisville about the same time the Yankees got

Earle Combs from that club. Dizzy Dean, no relation, also was a good fielder but I think Gomez is the best because he is so much more catlike in the field than those I've mentioned."

The fact that Gomez is a Giant at all is indicative of baseball's new "open door" policy, which came into being after Branch Rickey had burst the color line by signing Jackie Robinson to a contract for Montreal, Brooklyn's No. 1 farm, in November of 1945. Latin-American baseball was almost ignored by stateside scouts until Rickey sent Tom Greenwade, now with the Yankees, Clyde Sukeforth and the immortal George Sisler, both of whom are now with Rickey at Pittsburgh, to look over Negro players, with the view of signing one for the Dodgers.

Greenwade was sent to Mexico and employed code in wiring Rickey of his finds. If the first word of Tom's message began with a letter below "M" it meant that he was reporting on a player of Latin-American extraction. If it began with a letter higher in the alphabet than "M" it meant that the report was about a Negro.

Once Robinson blazed the trail for his race, major league scouts flocked to the Latin-American leagues. And there are more of them than you might think. In the winter of 1954-55, there were leagues in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama and Colombia, as well as two leagues each in Mexico and Venezuela.

Now there are as many major league scouts in the

Latin-American leagues in December as there are at a high school graduation back in the States in June. That's a joke, son—scouts can't sign a high school player until he graduates. It was on a Latin expedition that Sheehan happened to discover Gomez in Puerto Rico in the winter of 1952-53.

Gomez, who attended the University of Puerto Rico and won a bachelor of science degree in physical education, was approaching his twenty-second birthday in 1949 when he signed with the Bristol, Connecticut, team of the now defunct Colonial League. His record there was five victories and one defeat—it is interesting to note that he never had a losing season in his career—and the next year, after winning one game and losing none for Bristol, he was moved up to St. Jean, Quebec, in the Provincial League where he proceeded to tie for the league lead strikeouts (140) while posting a 14-4 record.

When Ruben had an equally creditable record the next season (1951) the Yankees became interested in him. He went to their Kansas City farm in the American Association, won one game, lost none and injured a finger. He got little action, grew bored and headed back for the tropics, with the thought in mind of pitching in the Dominican Republic, where this is an independent summer league.

Gomez, like many Latins who play summer ball in Santo Domingo, then went to Puerto Rico and it

was here that Sheehan spotted him. Ruben had paid the Yankees \$3000 to be released from his Kansas City contract and when the Giants, through Tom, offered him a bonus of \$5000, he signed for the Polo Grounds and was a star from the outset.

After the 1954 Series, when Gomez and Mays teamed up with Santurce in Puerto Rico, they were the heroes of the Island. The schedule there calls for only three games a week, which leaves the players with considerable free time. Ruben has become as avid a fisherman as Ted Williams and he frequently tried to interest Willie in the sport but the Giant outfielder would have none of it. Apparently, the only fish Willie likes are those that are cooked beforehand.

Gomez got off poorly in Puerto Rico, much to the horror of his fellow townsmen, but he soon was in the swing of things, pitching as well there as he did in the National League. Gomez, pitching relief, was the losing pitcher in the opening game when Gene Freese, a young infielder from a Pittsburgh farm club, broke the tie with a ninth-inning single. Since Santurce's opponents were San Juan and the rivalry between the two is like that of the Giants and Dodgers, there was a considerable to-do afterward. A few nights later, pitching against San Juan again, Ruben took a solid lumping.

Just when San Juan fans were ridiculing Gomez, Ruben started to move and promptly Santurce began moving, too, to the top of the league. His slow start was

explained by sympathetic Puerto Ricans on the grounds that it took Gomez a little time to recover from the celebrations.

Gomez learned a lot in his first two seasons with the Giants. His screwball, as explained, is more effective against left-handed batters than right-handed. The Dodgers' Duke Snider hit one of the longest homers in the history of the Polo Grounds against Ruben's screwball. Snider, as you know, is a left-handed hitter. How come then he had unloaded such a blast on Gomez?

It was Frank Shellenback, Giant pitching coach, and Westrum who told Gomez the facts of life. "Throwing the screwball to left-handed hitters and throwing sliders or curves to right-handers," explained Shellenback, "is the proper way to pitch, but it's only a pattern. Don't hold strictly to it. You've got to mix 'em up, to throw a screwball occasionally to a right-hander and curve a left-hander. The rules for pitching hold good only when you make exceptions to them."

It was sound advice and it has made a fine pitcher out of Gomez.

CHAPTER XI

The Keystone

(Dave Williams)

BY TOM MEANY

FRED RUSSELL, SPORTS EDITOR OF THE NASHVILLE *Banner*, and Garry Schumacher, promotion director of the Giants, are old friends and when Fred visited New York in the summer of 1948, it was only natural that the two should have dinner together at the New York Athletic Club. It also was only natural that they should talk baseball.

Russell mentioned that the Nashville Vols had trained that spring in Pensacola, Florida, which had been a Giant training base back in 1936. Fred and Garry cut up old touches about the town and then Garry asked if Russell had seen any likely looking young ball players in his travels.

"The Pensacola Flyers of the Southeastern League

worked out with us," replied Fred, "and they have a little second baseman who can't miss being a big leaguer someday. His name is Dave Williams and I'm pretty sure he's the property of the Atlanta Club."

Schumacher dutifully passed the information along to Carl Hubbell, head of the Giant farm system, and Hub had a scout look up Williams. He reported back that Dave was everything that Russell had said he was.

"Fred doesn't want to take any credit for tipping us off on Williams," explained Garry, "because he said the kid was such a stickout and that any casual fan looking at him could have seen his big league potential."

As might be imagined, there were several major league clubs interested in Williams but the Giants had good connections with Earl Mann, the president of the Atlanta Club, which at that time was an independent organization. The Crackers have since become affiliated with the Milwaukee Braves.

Mann had sold several ball players to the Giants, some of whom had turned out fine, some of whom had been duds. In consideration of the money he had received for the latter, Earl was amenable to a deal. The Giants paid \$50,000 for Williams and allowed Mann the use of him for a year at Atlanta. Dave had a great season at Atlanta, although the Crackers finished in the second division. He batted .290 and led the Southern Association second basemen in assists and in fielding. He was brought up to the Polo Grounds to finish out the tailend of the 1949 season with the Giants.

Williams is a quiet spoken young fellow, popular with his teammates but not really intimate with any of them. He attended Southern Methodist in his native Dallas for a year and gives the impression that he might have helped the SMU Mustangs in football had he not decided that baseball was his game. He has the lithe-ness one associates with good running backs.

One afternoon in August of 1953, I was eavesdropping on a group of Giants playing their own version of "What's My Line?" in the lobby of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. Williams was "it" and he was leading them a merry chase with his imaginary profession.

Had it anything to do with sports? Yes.

Would he make money at it? Yes.

Would he perform? No.

Would it be hard work? No.

Williams was carrying his mates through an amazing interrogational labyrinth, which lasted until the call came to take the bus to the ball park, which broke up the game. Dave was asked what was the imaginary profession he had selected which had to do with sports, was not performing, was not hard work and which would make money.

"A race-track tout," he replied, giving one of his rare grins.

He just did make it to the bus.

After Williams' good season at Atlanta, the Giants moved him up to their Triple A farm at Minneapolis in the American Association. Dave had another fine

year, leading the league's second basemen in fielding and batting .280.

It was during this 1950 season that Dave ran into some trouble, an injury which has plagued him, on and off, ever since. Going back for a pop fly, he collided with the Minneapolis right fielder, whose knee caught Williams at the base of the spine. The result has been a sacro-iliac condition which pops up from time to time. It was particularly evident during his 1953 season with the Giants but didn't bother him too much in the pennant winning year of 1954.

Williams finished the 1950 season with Minneapolis and started the next one there, but was called up by the Giants just before they launched the surge which saw them win 37 out of 44 games to make up a 13½ game deficit and overhaul the Dodgers.

With Eddie Stanky being the spark-plug of the drive, there wasn't much chance for Dave to do his stuff at second base. In the three playoff games with Brooklyn, Dave appeared once as a pinch-runner and in the World Series against the Yankees he came out of the dugout twice, once as a pinch-runner and once as an unsuccessful pinch-hitter against Ed Lopat.

When Stanky was traded to St. Louis in order to become manager, the second base job was Dave's and he has handled it well. Williams plays closer to second base than any Giant second baseman since Frankie Frisch. Dave shifts for the hitters, of course, and doesn't play as close to the bag for a left-handed pull hitter as

he would for right-handers but when a double play situation comes up, you'll notice Williams edging over to his right, toward second.

Williams and Al Dark give the Giants a remarkable double play combination. It doesn't show their effectiveness merely to read the total double plays which they turn in but you can appreciate their value if you see them play often and note how they invariably team up to make the double play that is vital to take the pitcher out of a tough inning.

All scouting reports turned in on Williams carried the notation "Should be a better hitter." This was reported when Dave was flirting with the .300 mark at Atlanta and Minneapolis. He did hit .297 with the Giants in 1953, when his back bothered him considerably. That year he hit only three homers compared with thirteen in his freshman year with the Giants.

There was no explanation for the poor season Williams had at the plate in 1954 when he batted a measly .222, following it up by failing to get a hit in the World Series with Cleveland. Dave doesn't figure to hit big league pitching for .300 but he is at least 50 points better than his 1954 average. He didn't get the ball out of the infield against the Indians in the Series, although he did get credit for a run batted in when he bunted against Mike Garcia in the third game to squeeze home Hank Thompson.

Williams is still young enough to come on as a hitter. Despite his low productivity in 1954, he is no

All-America out at the plate. Manager Durocher would like to see him bat around .280 but Leo would keep him at second base even with a .222 mark as long as he can turn in the double play in the clutch.

It goes without saying that the double play is the most effective defense maneuver in baseball, even more than a strikeout, for the double play not only gets an extra out, it also removes a baserunner. And the double play either ends the inning for the pitcher, or puts him within one out of ending it.

Williams works with Dark as well as Stanky did, which is saying a lot. Just as Eddie, in Dark's early days, educated Al to the double play art, so has Dark passed these tricks of the trade on to Dave. The number of shutout and low-score games won by the Giants in 1954 is as much of a tribute to Dark and Williams as it is to the pitchers themselves. And the pitchers would be the first to admit it.

For a guy who hasn't hit a ball out of the infield in two World Series (one try in 1951), Dave Williams is an unusually valuable ball player. He figures to be in more World Series before his career is over and, sooner or later, he'll belt that ball out of the infield—and maybe out of the park.

CHAPTER XII

The Solid Man

(Monte Irvin)

BY ARCH MURRAY

THE EXHIBITION GAME BETWEEN THE GIANTS AND the Indians was still going on that cold, gray afternoon of April 2, 1952. But nobody really cared, especially Leo Durocher's champion Giants. For out behind the clubhouse in right field a marvellously muscular hunk of man lay face down on a stretcher writhing in pain. From Durocher down everybody knew that a pennant had just been lost even though the start of the regular National League season was still almost three weeks away.

His face tight-lipped, Doc Bowman, the Giants' great little trainer, squatted beside Monte Irvin holding a shattered right leg with the foot which was dangling at almost a 90-degree angle firmly in his grasp lest the slightest movement make things worse. Medical men

say now that Bowman's caution may have been the only reason that Monte was able to return to his trade.

Irvin and Bowman were waiting for the ambulance that day in Denver—the ambulance that was to cart away a great athlete's broken dreams as well as the Giants' hopes of repeating the miracle triumph that Irvin's booming bat had made possible the year before. Hardened baseball writers, fully aware of deadlines back east, stood there in a state of shock. Never before in all their years in baseball had they seen a team or a man hurt so much in one split second as were the Giants and Monte Irvin when the big guy went crashing into the dust at third base that afternoon high in the Colorado mountains.

There were two immediate reactions. One, of course, was—there went the pennant; the other that he'd never play again. On the first count, all hands were right. With Willie Mays available for only 34 games before going into the Army and Irvin in drydock for the vast part of the season, the Giants just didn't have the power to go all the way. That they finished as close as $4\frac{1}{2}$ games back of the triumphant Dodgers was almost as much of a miracle as had been their superlative finish in '51. It was a tremendous tribute both to Durocher's managerial wizardry and to the heart of a team that refused to quit right down to the day when the jaws of mathematical elimination clamped down on them.

On the other count, though, they were wrong. For

Irvin came back a lot sooner than anybody had expected just as he promised he would that night in Denver. Just before the Giants' train pulled out for Wichita, Irvin told the band of mates huddled at his bedside in the hospital, "Don't worry, guys. I'll be back faster than you think."

He was, too, defying all the medical prophets who insisted that he'd be no help at all that year. By June 23 he was in uniform again, tossing the ball around and indulging in pepper games. By late July he was back in action on a limited basis and by season's end he had played in 46 games, hit .310 and knocked in 21 runs.

It's true, of course, that he was never again to be the same ball-player that he was before that tragic injury at Denver. The old flashing speed was gone along with some of his crashing power at the plate.

The irony of it all was that Monte had just reached the pinnacle of fame long overdue. The year before, ten years late through no fault of his own, he had finally arrived. He had been the bell-cow of the Giants' incredible miracle run, a murderous hitter in the clutch who had led the league in RBIs with 121 and had delivered important runs on 86 separate occasions. Even in defeat in the World Series he had been a stickout star against the Yankees with 11 hits and a heart-stopping steal of home that had helped the Giants to win the first game.

Carl Hubbell, the Giants' old meal ticket who now

guides the Giant farm system, was talking about the Irvin of '51 one day three years later. "I don't think there ever was a better hitter than Irvin was the last two months of that season. It seemed that every time he came up with men on bases he delivered," Hub said. "He'd just begun to find himself. I always think how great he would have turned out to be if he hadn't broken that ankle."

Certainly, Irvin was a holy terror with a bat in his hand over the last two months of the '51 season. He was unbelievable during that span as the Giants fought their way back from a spot 13½ games back of the Dodgers in mid-August to a tie and finally a victory in the thrill-jammed playoffs that were climaxed by Bobby Thomson's fabled flag-winning homer in the ninth inning of the final playoff game.

As a reward for his prodigious feats that season, Monte was called into the Giant office the next winter and signed to a contract for \$25,000—more than twice as much money as he'd ever made in his life. Until the injury at Denver the following spring he seemed at long last to be headed for the glory that was so belated in its arrival. Now, it seemed, he was being compensated for all the heart-break of the past. The big guy was riding high at long last.

Then came the jolting, tragic slide at Denver—the slide that wasn't necessary—and there he was lying on the stretcher smoking a cigarette and clenching his fists to keep from screaming at the agonizing torture.

It was a sight that nobody who was there will ever forget. Yet in a way it was the real story of Monte Irvin, one of the finest gentleman that the game of baseball has ever known. Here is the guy that Lady Luck really forgot.

Monte himself really knew it long before that accident at Denver. It was during the '51 World Series when he was leading the Giants' futile charge that he really called the turn on himself. "I just wish," he said one day in the visitors' locker room at Yankee Stadium, "that this was ten years ago. I'd have really shown them something then. I was twice the ball-player ten years ago that I am now. There wasn't anything I couldn't do. I was much faster and I was a far better hitter. My reflexes were wonderful, just like Willie Mays' are now. I always will wish that these fans who were here at the Stadium today could have seen me then."

Those who knew him in the old days say that there was no egotism in what Monte said. It was merely the truth. He was one of the greatest and most natural athletes ever to come out of New Jersey. In four years at Orange High he won 16 varsity letters. He was all-state in football, baseball, basketball and track. Once after just a week of practice he set a new school record when he hurled the javelin 192 feet, two inches. He was in reality a young Midas of the athletic field. Everything he touched turned to pure gold.

He hit an incredible .666 one spring and averaged 14 strikeouts a game as a pitcher. In football he

seemed even greater and but for a little matter of \$100 he might be known today as one of the gridiron's immortals. This was all that kept him from joining Tommy Harmon and Forest Evashevski at Michigan in what might well have been the greatest backfield of all time. His Orange H.S. coach, Heinie Benkert, had recommended him to Fritz Crisler but Monte just didn't have train fare to get out there. So he went to Lincoln University, instead.

"I didn't realize then," Monte explained years later, "as I do now that the college you go to and the people you meet and the name you make for yourself can make so much difference later on. My father probably could have gotten the \$100 together but it would have been a real struggle. I just couldn't ask him for it but I've often wondered what would have happened if I'd gone to Michigan and played football with Harmon and Evashevski."

Nobody knows, of course, but you can take it on the word of Benkert, a former Rutgers star himself, that Monte's name would have become a by-word in the world of sports long before it did. "He was undoubtedly," says Benkert, "the best back I ever saw. There wasn't anything he couldn't do. The only real question was which he could do best—run, kick or throw. He did them all so naturally and so well that I figured he'd be one of football's greatest sensations."

But that chance like so many others that appeared to be opening up for Monte slipped away and nobody

will ever know how great a football player he might have been. Those who saw him lugging leather for Orange back in the Thirties insist that he would have been one of the real greats.

Instead, Monte went to Lincoln on a scholarship that included transportation. He was a stickout there just as he had been in high school but the lure of the dollar bill, something he'd never seen much of, persuaded him to quit after two years. He joined the Newark Eagles in the Negro National League and right from the start began to knock the paint off the fences. A kid of 18, blessed with blinding speed and a pair of sharp eyes to go with his magnificent muscles, Monte was one of those naturals who come along once in a rare while. Like Stan Musial when he came up to the National League in '41, Monte was a stickout from the first day he pulled on a Newark uniform. The NNL was a strong league back in '39 with such stars as Josh Gibson, Satchel Paige, Roy Dandridge and another young fellow by the name of Roy Campanella leading the way but Monte made the League All-Star team as a rookie. As a sophomore in '40 he hit .422 and a year later he hit .368 and powered 40 homers. Stardust was sprinkled all over him.

It isn't generally known but Monte was one of the first men considered when Branch Rickey started his secret hunt for the player he wanted as his first, precedent-shattering Negro ball-player in organized baseball. Long before Rickey unloaded his bombshell—the

breaking of the ancient color line that had been a stigma on the game for too many years—by signing Jackie Robinson to a Montreal contract in November of 1945, he had had a posse of scouts, headed by Clyde Sukeforth, combing the land for the man that would best combine talent and character to perform such a difficult job. Rickey began his hunt almost from the day he arrived in Brooklyn to take over the job as boss of the Dodgers after Larry MacPhail had gone into the Army at the end of the '42 season. And in the early reports that he received the name of Irvin came up time and again. But then Monte went into the Army. Somehow by the time he got back his name had been lost in the shuffle and Robinson, who was to prove a highly successful choice right from the start, got the nod.

Monte himself had heard about the possibility from Mrs. Effie Manley, owner of the Eagles, who had told him just before he went into the service that he would almost surely be the first. Just why Monte was by-passed nobody but Rickey and possibly a few tight-lipped confidantes will ever know. But he was and that was just another bit of heart-break that the big fellow was to absorb along the way. Perhaps one of the reasons that Monte was passed up after he got out of the Army in '45 following a rugged stretch with the Army Engineers in the European theatre was that his ball-playing didn't seem to have its old sparkle. "I don't know what it was," Monte will tell you now, "but it took

me a long time to get back to being my old self again. Maybe I'd just had too much Army. That happened to a lot of guys, you know."

Monte not only failed to get the pioneer role for which he, like Jackie himself, was so perfectly fitted but he had to wait a long time before the call finally came. Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella joined Jackie in the Dodger system in '47. So did Dan Bankhead. Larry Doby, Monte's close pal and room-mate, became the first in the American League when Bill Veeck lured him to Cleveland. Henry Thompson and Will Brown were given a brief shot with the Browns. But still nobody called Irvin and the discouragement was a heavy cloud over his head. Ten years were to go by from the time that Monte first joined the Eagles before he was to finally get his chance with the Giants. At one time shortly after the Eagles had disbanded and Monte was playing winter ball with San Juan in the Puerto Rican League, the Dodgers did grab him for St. Paul but Mrs. Manley claimed that he was still her property and filed a claim with the then Commissioner Happy Chandler. Rickey insisted as he had in the case of Robinson that the Negro League contracts had no reserve clause but preferring to stay out of a legal hassle ceded his right to Monte.

That's the only reason the Giants were able to get him in '49. That winter he was with Almendares in the Havana Winter League and he was finally looking like his old fence-busting self again. He led the league in

home runs and RBIs and was voted the most valuable player. The late Hank DeBerry, then the Giants' chief scout, signed him for Jersey City. Monte was batting .373 for Jersey City that summer when the Giants decided to bring him and Henry Thompson to the Polo Grounds. And there didn't seem to be any reason why he couldn't give the fifth place Giants a tremendous lift with his big bat. But the years of waiting and disappointment had taken their toll. And now at the age of 28 when the big chance had finally come Monte wasn't ready to make the most of it.

"I'd been waiting so long," he explained later, "to get up there and I'd heard so much about the big leagues that I expected every pitcher to throw cannon balls up to the plate. I figured I'd see curves the like of which I'd never had to hit before. I'd forgotten that even such a great pitcher as Satchel Paige hadn't been able to throw the ball by me. As a result, I was jittery and tight up there. I was taking too many pitches or I was swinging too hard for the fences. Either is as bad as the other."

For the rest of the season Monte was in and out of the lineup. His biggest contribution that year was one of the greatest throws ever uncorked anywhere. That was in St. Louis one August night. Adrian Zabala was pitching for the Giants and in the late innings he was nursing a slim 2-1 lead with the Cards making violent attacking gestures. The fleet Red Schoendienst was on third base when Monte caught a line drive with his

back right up against the right field fence. There didn't seem a chance that he could cut down the flying red-head at the plate but he did with a perfect peg that rode a trolley wire right into Wes Westrum's waiting mitt. "The greatest throw I ever saw an outfielder make," was the way Durocher described it after the game in a burst of enthusiasm. He wasn't far wrong, either. There just can't have been many better.

The year of 1950 was to be a fateful one for Monte and the Giants but it certainly didn't start out auspiciously for Monte that spring at Phoenix. Leo had cooled on him and the .224 batting average with which he'd finished the '49 season and he had other things to think about that spring under the Arizona sun. As a result, Monte got only a quick look and he was one of the first guys cut and sent back to the Giant base at Melbourne in Florida for reassignment. Once again the dice were running cold for Monte. It was beginning to look as if he really had wasted his youth and his vast promise during those lean and dreary years before Rickey had swung wide the gates to the promised land. But Monte doesn't quit easy. If he were that kind of a guy, he'd have done it long before this. He'd thought of it when the Indians had signed Doby but baseball and athletics were by then too thick in his blood.

So when he returned to Jersey City that spring, he was ready to start all over again. He did so in such an explosive manner that within three weeks after the season Durocher was screaming for the guy he had all but

forgotten in spring training. During those first three weeks with the Giants' top farm club, all he did was hit a mere .510, knock in 33 runs and whack 10 four-masters in 18 games. Naturally he came back to the Polo Grounds in a galloping hurry. He started out well enough with a pair of singles the first night and a grand slam homer off Dutch Leonard of the Cubs the next day. But then another slump hit him and for a time it looked as though it might be his last as a Giant. Leo's confidence in him, so buoyant when he'd been yelling for his return from Jersey City, was sinking fast.

But then in June Irvin got a break in the form of what seemed to be a real rough one for the Giants. Whitey Lockman went into drydock for an appendectomy and Monte went to left field. When Whitey returned to duty, Monte, who was beginning to hit now, was shifted to first base in place of Tookie Gilbert who had been sagging badly at the plate. Monte proved quickly that he'd never be a George Sisler around the bag but he did an adequate enough job and his bat was really starting to sing now. His average soared steadily and so did the Giants. They'd started too late to make a real run at the pennant but they were the hottest club in the league over the last six weeks and Irvin was close to the hottest hitter. He hit .353 over the last two months to bring his average for the year to an even .300. Meanwhile, the Giants were climbing from sixth place in June; to fifth in July and August; fourth as they turned into the September stretch; and third in the

final standings. It was during the final week of the season that the Giants with Irvin wielding a brutal bat gave the Dodgers a chance to tie for the pennant on the final day by sweeping two straight doubleheaders from the fading Philadelphia Whiz Kids. The Dodgers blew their chance when Dick Sisler hit a three-run homer off Don Newcombe in the tenth inning but the Giants and Irvin had so demoralized the Phils that they were sitting ducks for the Yankees in the World Series.

So Monte ended the '50 season on a triumphant note as did the Giants whose third place finish had been their highest in eight years. It looked like '51 might be the year for both of them. It looked that way, too, as they stormed north from St. Petersburg that spring. That was the year, you'll recall, that they swapped camps with the Yankees. They were clobbering the ball and Maglie, Jansen and Jim Hearn were pitching superbly. Day after day they were flattening the Indians. Durocher was optimistic, too, but one thing was bothering him. He didn't like Irvin's fielding at first. All winter he'd been toying with the idea of putting Lockman there and getting Irvin with the stronger arm back in the outfield where he belonged.

Horace Stoneham had fought against the idea and Leo had reluctantly pigeon-holed the plan. But now Irvin was looking worse instead of better around the bag. He was beginning to press out there. But the club as a whole looked so good that Leo left him there as the season opened in Boston. The Giants started with a

victory over the Braves as Jansen turned in a superb mound job. They won two of their first three but then they fell flat on their faces. They lost 11 in a row and dropped to last place. Finally in Brooklyn, Sal Maglie and Sheldon Jones collaborated to slam the brakes on the skid April 30. Then they started to climb but it was slow and tortuous and it wasn't until two things happened that they finally reached the .500 springboard from which all pennant drives must start. First of all, Leo defied his boss one afternoon in St. Louis—May 23 to be exact—and brought Lockman in to first base and sent Monte to the outfield. Then, of course, they hauled a lithe, agile kid from Alabama up from Minneapolis to take over in centerfield. Willie Mays didn't break down any fences at first. In fact, he got only one hit in his first 21 trips. But he gave the whole club a tremendous lift with his boyish exuberance and his miraculous play afield. Mays had a great deal to do with that great miracle run of '51 but no more, you can be sure, than did Monte Irvin. "I still say," Chub Feeney, the Giants' affable veep who has always been one of Irvin's fans ever since he'd first seen him running wild on schoolboy football fields in Jersey, declared as late as four years after that unforgettable '51 season, "that Irvin should have been the most valuable player that year. That's no knock at Roy Campanella. He was great, too, but Monte was simply unbelievable."

During the course of that miracle run Monte hit close to .400. As Leo said, he always seemed to be com-

ing up with the big hit at the right time. The shift back to the outfield had helped him. "Out there," he said later, "I sort of felt at home. I guess I never was cut out to be a first baseman." But the handsome husky had also helped himself. After that last slump in '50 he'd changed his style all around. Instead of swinging for the fences and pulling the ball, he started to hit the ball to all fields. He reduced the arc of his swing and suddenly he was hitting bullets through and over the infield. "I knew," he explained, "that I had to do something drastic or I was a goner. I knew it was my last chance."

He made the most of it and down that swirling stretch, as the Giants moved closer and closer to the top and the Dodger lead melted drop by drop like a cake of ice on a hot day, he was as great a ball-player as you'd ever want to see. In the Series against the Yanks Irvin was so phenomenal that Red Smith, the brilliant columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune* gasped, "Monte doesn't realize he's in the World Series. He thinks he's at the Darktown Strutter's Ball."

So with the confidence gained that year it seemed sure that he would scale even higher peaks in '52. As the exhibition grind opened he was a one-man wrecking crew. This, everybody was thinking, could be the year that he'd go all the way. At 31 and in superb shape, it seemed inevitable that he'd leave a lot of hitting marks strewn across the National League premises. He might even, at least one guy figured, turn out to be the NL's

first .400 hitter since Bill Terry in 1930. But then with crashing suddenness came that tragedy at Denver. The fates apparently had been teasing Monte all the time. Now with the big ball of wax up there for him to grab they really pulled the rug from under him.

The irony of it was that it never should have happened at all. The slide was completely unnecessary. What actually happened came on a routine play in the fifth inning of the second of two exhibition games the Giants and Indians played before packed houses in the mountain-girt Denver park. Bob Lemon was pitching for the Indians and Monte opened the inning with a walk. Then Willie Mays lashed a long single to center and Irvin spun around second toward third. Pete Reiser, playing centerfield for the Indians, saw there was no chance to get Monte at third but, hoping to catch Mays stretching he fired it high toward third but in a spot where Ray Boone at short could cut it off. "I was hoping to get Mays," Reiser moaned sadly later, "but I wish now that I'd just made the routine play to second. I know what happened. When Monte heard the ball slap into Boone's glove he tried to hold up his slide. That's why his spikes caught and he hurt himself so badly. I feel just terrible."

Though Reiser's analysis was eminently correct, it wasn't his fault. It was just one of those grim quirks of fate that Monte should have caught his spikes and somersaulted into the dirt with all the force of his tremendous speed and his massive bulk landing on the

ankle. There was never any doubt about how badly he was hurt. Mays, tagged out at second after the cutoff, lay sprawled by the bag weeping and beating his hands in the infield dirt. Herman Franks, coaching at third, took one look and walked away. He couldn't stand the sight of that dangling ankle. Durocher came storming out of the dugout with the rest of the Giants. He, too, could stand only one quick look. His stomach was jumping up and down.

The rest, of course, is history. They lugged Irvin away and the Giants, woefully demoralized and all but crushed, moved sadly on about their winding way homeward. It wasn't for days that they even began to show signs of life again. Leo knew there was nothing he could do to lift their spirits. Time was the only salve. He could only wait and hope for the best. Sure enough in about a week or so, they started to come alive again.

Spirit and drive, though, couldn't make up for the loss of Monte's bat. Nor could guys like Bob Elliott, Dick Wakefield, Henry Thompson, Bill Howerton, George Wilson, Chuck Diering or Dusty Rhodes, all of whom at one time or another during the campaign were tried and found wanting in his place. Monte made an amazingly fast recovery but the race had really been lost before he returned. He was a great help with the warclub down the stretch but the ankle was still woefully weak and sore and it was pitiful to see him try to run.

Even in '53 Irvin was still playing under a heavy

handicap. But he batted .329 and knocked in 97 runs and the Giant skid into the second division didn't really get up a full head of steam until he redamaged the ankle Aug. 9 in a collision at the plate with Del Rice of the Cards in St. Louis' Busch Stadium. He was out for the better part of a month and it was during his absence that the Giants really fell apart. By the time he got back all the oomph was gone and it wasn't too surprising that the Giants lost 44 of their last 64 games and 33 out of 50 following Monte's re-injury of the weak ankle.

The irony of the Giants' pennant triumph in 1954 is that they were able to do it without too much help from Irvin. Nobody would have even dreamed it possible at season's start. Even the few optimists who picked the Giants to go all the way in April based a lot of their hopes on a healthy Irvin and his smoking bat. Monte's ankle was sounder in '54 than at any time since he was hurt. He could run a lot better and he covered a lot more ground in the field. There were even a few rare times when he was a faint facsimile of the old Irvin on the base-paths. But at the plate he was just a shadow.

Nobody knows exactly what happened. His average fell away to .262 and he wasn't belting home the runs with any of his old consistency. Even at that Monte had his moments. He was at his best during that stretch in June and July when the Giants made their big move—the move that carried them to the top and kept them

there the rest of the way. In the big series in Brooklyn July 7, 8 and 9, that the Giants swept to put a large dent in Dodger confidence, he hit homers in all three games. A month earlier he'd beaten the Braves in the ninth inning with a two-run double that enabled the Giants to come from behind to win, 6-5. On June 22 his two-out pinch single drove in the run that beat big Gene Conley and the Braves, 3-2. There were other times, too, when he came up with a big hit but for the most part he couldn't do it often enough.

There was one school of thought that insisted that the years had caught up with him at 33 and that the big trouble was he couldn't get his bat around any more. But just when you were inclined to agree, he'd come through with a sizzling jolt to left field. Monte himself says that it was just one of those bad years that all ball-players suffer through during their careers.

Doc Bowman, the Giant trainer, agrees with Irvin and so does Carl Hubbell. "There wasn't anything wrong with Monte physically," said Doc at the season's end. "He was in better shape than at any time since the crack-up at Denver. In fact, I saw less of him this year than most of the other players." Hub insisted that he would bounce back in '55. "I've been in baseball for over 30 years," said Hubbell, "and I've seen a lot of great hitters have years like that. The good ones always come back with a big year the next time around. Everybody knows that Monte is a good, solid hitter. I think he'll surprise a lot of people in '55."

It would be wonderful both for Irvin and the Giants if he should, of course. Nobody deserves a last break from the fates any more than he does. But even if the old age theorists are right, he'll take his place with the great ones of the game. Maybe he'll go down in history as baseball's unluckiest player. On the records to date that would hardly be a misnomer.

CHAPTER XIII

The White Haired Boy

(Whitey Lockman)

BY BARNEY KREMENKO

ONE OF THE GREATEST EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE New York Giants occurred on Oct. 3, 1951. That was the day of the third and deciding playoff game with the Brooklyn Dodgers when Bobby Thomson suddenly exploded a dramatic home run in the bottom of the ninth inning to bring the Giants the National League pennant.

Coming at the expense of pitcher Ralph Branca, who had just replaced big Don Newcombe, Thomson's wallop is one that fans will long remember.

What is rarely remembered is that Whitey Lockman, immediately preceding Thomson, set up the big rally. For it was Lockman who doubled with one out to fetch across the first Giant run of the inning, put

men on second and third and chase Newcombe from the box.

Whitey considers that hit the crowning achievement of his career—his supreme thrill.

"Perhaps not many others recall it," the likable blond from Charlotte, N.C., laughs, "but I do."

There was that morning in Phoenix the following Spring. The athletes had finished their workout under the hot Arizona sun and were sitting around the locker room jabbering, as they generally do while cooling out.

Suddenly there came a hush. The radio had been turned on and the local station was about to present a re-broadcast (not the famous one made by Russ Hodges) of the playoff.

All the Giants leaned back to enjoy once again the details of their exciting victory.

"The Dodgers are leading, 4 to 1," the announcer said, "but the Giants have runners on first and second and only one out. Anything can happen. Whitey Lockman is at bat."

Then he shouted:

"It's a hit! A single for Lockman!"

Sure it had been a double. The announcer had erred. A loud guffaw broke across that locker room underneath the stands of Municipal Stadium, Phoenix. Whitey still wasn't getting full credit for his deeds.

To be an unsung hero has been Lockman's experience almost from the day he came into organized baseball.

Only twice has he taken full hold of newspaper headlines—once because of a broken ankle and once because of a rhubarb with his manager, Leo The Lip Durocher, which erupted on the dugout steps in full view of the 8,408 cash customers gathered at the Polo Grounds that afternoon.

Yet Whitey has made many valuable contributions on the field. If there are any indispensable men among the Giants, he would have to be rated among them.

Durocher, quick to recognize class, put a not-for-sale tag on Lockman immediately after he took over the managerial reins at Coogan's Bluff in mid-Summer of 1948. That was a lucky stroke because it is doubtful if the Giants could have attained their present-day prominence without the aptly named Carolina Comet.

Just as they had done with Mel Ott some two decades earlier, the Giants engaged in cradle-robbing to get Lockman.

Whitey was only 16 years old when he was snatched out of American Legion ranks and signed to a New York contract by scout Bill Pierre in the Summer of 1942.

He was given a bonus of \$1,000.

"That doesn't seem like much in comparison to what kids are getting now, but it was a lot of money to me then, and I was very happy about it," Lockman recalls.

The youngster from Dixie spent the next two and

one-half years in the minors. First he was with Springfield in the Eastern League and then with Jersey City in the Triple A International League.

After the 1944 season, Whitey enlisted in the Merchant Marine, but soon changed his mind and withdrew. That left him open for the service draft.

A month before he was to go into the Army, the Giants took Lockman out of Jersey City and brought him up to the Polo Grounds for a "look." The move turned out to be a howling success.

Whitey reported to the Giants on July 4. The very next day he was put in the starting lineup by Ott, then the manager.

The newcomer gave his major league career a rousing start by slamming a round-tripper his first time at bat.

In a total of 32 games before donning the khaki of Uncle Sam, Whitey batted .341 and shaped up as one of the most promising rookies ever to dig his cleats into the soil 'neath Coogan's Bluff.

He was an outfielder who could run, throw and make catches with the best. What's more he still was only 19 years old.

In August, Lockman entered the Army and for the best part of the next two years he served as technical sergeant aboard a Navy transport ferrying across the Pacific.

In 1947, his service hitch completed, Whitey returned to the Giants in time for Spring training at Phoe-

nix. It was soon evident that the young man had lost none of his former touch. He looked great.

Before the Giants could derive full benefits from the skills of the Carolinian, however, misfortune struck.

The Giants and Cleveland Indians, engaged in their annual pre-season barnstorming tour, were playing a game in Sheffield, Ala. The date was April 7, one week before the pennant race was scheduled to open.

Lockman was on first base with one out when Clint (Hondo Hurricane) Hartung hit a slow roller to Lou Boudreau, the Cleveland manager and shortstop.

"I had a pretty good jump and never thought that Boudreau would try to make a play on me," Whitey recalls. "I was coming into second base standing up. But Lou fooled me. Just as he caught the ball he whirled around and flipped to second. I started to slide. It was too late. I was too close to the base. My spikes stuck in the bag and I could feel my ankle snap."

Thus the youngster on whom the Giants were counting heavily for a post-war resurgence had to be carried off the field with a broken ankle.

Recovery was a slow process. Lockman spent the next six weeks in Johns Hopkins Hospital, his leg in a cast. Then he went home for a while.

It wasn't until late Summer that he rejoined the club. The ankle remained weak, though, and Whitey never did get to play the outfield that season. He came to bat only twice, both times as a pinch-hitter in the final week.

The winter's rest did him a world of good and by the time the following season arrived, Lockman was practically restored to full health.

He got into 146 games in 1948 and batted .286. Most of his speed had returned, although at season's end he had to enter a hospital again, this time for the removal of scar tissue which had formed around the ankle injury.

Oddly enough, most affected by the accident was Whitey's throwing. He no longer could get proper foot leverage in setting himself for a throw. The injured foot couldn't hold the ground firmly and slipped just enough to rob his pegs both of power and accuracy.

That probably was the main reason Lockman welcomed with open arms Durocher's suggestion in the Spring of 1951 that he "fool around first base" in the workouts. Throws at first base are considerably easier than in the outfield, requiring much shorter distances.

The Giants were training in Florida at the time. Lockman had never fielded a ball anywhere near first base before nor even worn a first baseman's mitt. The position was utterly strange to him.

The only reason Durocher made the request was that he was looking for some depth in case of an emergency.

"Monte Irvin is my first baseman," the Giant skipper made clear. "Whitey is my left fielder. That's how we'll go when the season opens. It's just that I want Whitey familiar with the job if I should need him."

At the outset, Lockman was dubious about his infielding talents.

"How do I look?" he asked all who would listen.

The truth was that he didn't look good. He had trouble finding the right mitt. He was awkward with his feet around the bag. Yet he went at the job as if his life depended on the outcome.

"It's a challenge," the white-topped star explained. "That makes it worth while."

True to his word, Durocher had Irvin at first base and Lockman in left field when the regular National League season began. But Monte was letting too many throws pop out of his glove.

With things going none too well, Durocher decided to make a change. On May 20, 1951, Irvin went to the outfield and Lockman became the Giants' first baseman.

It didn't come easy at the outset. Whitey, though, was determined to make good. Buddy Hassett, an old Yankee first sacker and a New York native, had been paying frequent visits to the Polo Grounds. At Lockman's request, Hassett was invited to give some lessons. Buddy graciously accepted. His most important tip was to show Whitey which was the correct foot to put on the base while waiting for a throw.

After that, the Carolinian's rise at his new position was little short of sensational. His infield play sparkled as the Giants drove to their Little Miracle conquest that Fall. By the 1952 season he was sufficiently estab-

lished to be voted by the fans as the National League's starting first baseman in the All-Star game.

In that direction, Whitey's hometown followers put in a boost.

During the period of balloting, the mayor of Charlotte designated a "Lockman Day." The main objective was to get the citizens of the city to mail out All-Star ballots choosing Lockman as their first baseman.

There was a big parade and plenty of speeches in the city square. Whitey was away with the Giants, but Charlotte did the next best thing—it honored his mother. Mrs. Lockman was given a special award and made a short address.

Fifty thousand votes were cast for Lockman from his home town that day. As matters turned out, the rest of the country thought highly of Whitey, too. He won by far more than a 50,000 margin. But Charlotte wasn't taking any chances with its favorite son.

Since his ankle injury, Lockman had been one of the Giants' more durable athletes—with one exception. In late June, 1950, after collecting three hits against the Dodgers in Ebbets Field, Lockman complained of nausea and stomach pains. That night he underwent an appendectomy. In less than a month, however, he was back in action, playing as well as ever. Now he is rated one of the club's "iron men" and in 1952 took part in all of the 154 games on the schedule.

During his period of recuperation from the operation, Whitey went home and while in Charlotte he mar-

ried one of the neighbors' children, pretty Shirley Connor.

The birth of Lockman's first child, daughter Linda, on April 29, 1951, brightened an otherwise bleak period in the history of the Giants. On that day, Durocher's hopefuls, off to a staggering start, suffered their 11th straight loss.

In announcing the arrival of his daughter to his teammates after the game, Lockman added:

"That's enough losing. Let's go out tomorrow and win for Linda."

Win for Linda they did. The losing streak was over, the season's worst horrors were out of the way and the Giants were ready for their exciting pennant dash.

Lockman's big rhubarb with Durocher occurred in July of 1954, in the midst of a game with Eddie Stanky's St. Louis Cardinals.

Once again the Giants were on the way to a pennant, but once again they were finding the road somewhat rocky. What had been a sizable seven and one-half game lead was gradually dwindling and the impatient Durocher was spoiling to do something drastic to stop the skid.

This particular day was hot and clammy and a brooding atmosphere seemed to engulf the Polo Grounds. All the elements were there for some fireworks and the explosion came without warning in the fifth inning. Lockman, the last man at bat in the inning for the Giants, sent a roller in the direction of first

base. After taking a couple of steps down the line, Whitey stopped short as Joe Cunningham, the Cardinal first base guardian, scooped up the ball and stepped on the bag for an unassisted putout.

Whitey then picked up his glove and walked out to his spot on the field. To his—and everybody else's—amazement, Bobby Hofman also was there informing Lockman that he was out of the game and that Hofman was to play first base. Lockman obviously was being punished for failing to run out the hit.

Whitey, boiling over with rage, stormed toward the dugout. As he descended the steps of the dugout, the player lashed out at his manager in angry words.

Durocher fired right back. The fans in the stands couldn't believe their eyes. Managers and players have been known to engage in arguments before, but almost never in the open.

The incident made the front pages of the newspapers. Soon there were hints of dissension and rebellion among the Giants. These rumors were quickly squashed by most of the other players on the team who saw it as a favorable, rather than harmful, development.

One of the older members summed it up in this fashion:

"It may have hurt one player but it helped the other 24. We needed something to stir us up. We were getting careless."

It was unfortunate that Whitey had to be the vic-

tim. There is no one on the club who works harder or hustles more.

On this occasion, as Lockman explained to Durocher in their peace-making chat in the manager's clubhouse office the next day, he slipped just after swinging his bat.

"No one saw me fall because everybody was following the ball," Whitey said. "By the time I regained my balance, Cunningham was stepping on first. There was no sense of running after that."

Durocher was quick to forgive and forget. Lockman was back in action the very next game.

The rumpus couldn't have bothered Lockman very much. He played solid baseball right down to the wire. In the last three weeks he hit a grand slam homer against the Cincinnati Reds to win one of the season's key games.

Among the first to wire Durocher after the blow-off was Whitey's mother. She congratulated Leo for shaking the players out of their lethargy. Whitey's ma is an avid baseball fan and has followed her son's career very closely.

To the senior Mrs. Lockman, Carroll Walter Lockman, born in Lowell, N.C., on July 25, 1926, is known as Pickle and not as Whitey.

"I was never called Whitey until I came to the Giants," says the light blond from the Tarheel country.

Young Carroll resembled a well-liked policeman

of the neighborhood who was known as Pickle and Mrs. Lockman decided to call her son by the same name. It was quickly picked up by the other folks. In the big leagues he is strictly Whitey although privately the Giant infielder prefers Pickle.

Lockman, a left-handed swinger, is exceptionally deft at the plate and is recognized as one of the most proficient hit-and-run batsmen in baseball. Whitey can shoot for the fences as readily as he can lay down a bunt. It all depends on the situation.

Whitey is a past master at hitting to the opposite field. The double off Newcombe in the historic playoff was such a blow—a well placed drive into the left-field corner.

Lockman's chief hobby is golfing but he also gets a big kick out of coaching American Legion basketball in Charlotte. Basketball is his favorite spectator sport. Whitey makes frequent trips to Durham, Raleigh and Chapel Hill in his native North Carolina for the games at Duke, North Carolina State and University of North Carolina during the off-season.

During the baseball season, Lockman makes his home at Dobbs Ferry, a New York City suburb. Dobbs Ferry has adopted Whitey and takes great pride in calling him one of its own. In 1953, this little town near the Hudson gave him a "day" at the Polo Grounds, presenting him with an automobile, among other gifts.

Whitey is also popular with his teammates. When Bill Rigney left to become manager of the Minneap-

olis Millers in the American Association, Lockman was elected the Giants' player delegate. As he does with everything else, Whitey has accepted this new off-field duty with all the strength at his command and gives full attention to the problems of his fellow players.

CHAPTER XIV

They Also Serve

(The Coaches)

BY TOM MEANY

IT USED TO BE THAT A COACH WAS JUST A BUDDY OF the manager, usually an ex-teammate. This was in the days when the manager had complete power to hire and fire coaches, although sometimes the club owners might indicate to the manager that one of his coaches would not be given a contract for the following season. And when the manager was fired, the coaching staff was fired with him in a general house cleaning so that the incoming pilot would have full sway.

Gradually the system of hiring coaches changed during the years. When Lou Boudreau became the boy pilot of Cleveland back in 1942, he had some older men as coaches, among them Barney Shotton. Then, when Bill Veeck moved in on the Tribal scene, he hired a whole advisory staff of coaches for Lou. On

the World Series winners of 1948, Boudreau had as his assistants Bill McKechnie, Muddy Ruel and Mel Harder.

A year earlier Larry MacPhail had given the matter of selecting coaches an even more bizarre twist by pirating two coaches from the Dodgers, Chuck Dressen and John Corriden, to serve as Bucky Harris' hand-maidens with the Yankees. This was one of the things which led to the eventual suspension of Leo Durocher as Brooklyn manager for the season of 1947 by Commissioner Happy Chandler and also resulted in a 30-day suspension of Dressen.

Harris made no complaint when the services of Dressen and Corriden were thrust upon him unsolicited, any more than Durocher had some years earlier when MacPhail decided that Dressen would make the Dodgers a good coach and would make a capable lieutenant for Leo. As a matter of fact, Durocher and Dressen became great buddies.

Durocher has a way with his coaches. In 1941, when he was winning the first pennant of his career with the Dodgers, The Lip had Dressen and Corriden as his assistants. Leo never hesitated to ask them for advice and when he made a decision, he never blamed them if it had gone wrong because of advice they had given him. It is a source of great satisfaction to a coach to know that he can advance a suggestion and then not be second-guessed by the manager if it backfires.

When Durocher was catapulted into the Giant

job in July, 1948, the coaches were Hank Gowdy, Travis Jackson and Red Kress. Leo made no move to replace them that year and finished the season with them. The next year, however, Gowdy and Jackson were replaced by Fred Fitzsimmons and Herman Franks, both of whom had played under Durocher in Brooklyn. Kress was retained for another season until he left to take a minor league managing job, when he was replaced by Frankie Frisch.

Frisch was made manager of the Cubs in 1949, after serving part of the season with the Giants and in 1950, Frank Shellenback, who had been managing for the Giants at Minneapolis, joined Fitzsimmons and Franks on the staff. In 1954, when it was obvious that Larry Jansen, who had won 118 games for the Giants in seven previous years, could no longer help on the mound, he was made a coach.

When Fitzsimmons was winding up a long and honorable career in Brooklyn, Durocher conceived a solid liking for the burly knuckle-baller. Fitz was a hustler after Leo's own heart, a pitcher who went all out in every game, regardless of the score, regardless of the position of his team in the race.

Bill Terry had traded Fitz to the Dodgers in 1937 for one Thomas Calvin Baker, a right-handed pitcher who fooled many managers, including Burleigh Grimes and Casey Stengel. Tom looked as though he would be

a great pitcher, but won only three games in his career.

Fitz was assumed to be all done when he left the Giants but in 1940, Durocher's second year as Dodger manager, the veteran turned in a remarkable 16-2 record, as Brooklyn finished second. And the next year Fat Freddy was 6-1 as the Dodgers won the pennant.

During the course of his 16-2 record, Fitzsimmons achieved the 200th victory of his career. It was on a Sunday in Pittsburgh and Durocher, in anticipation of this milestone, had secretly taken up a collection from Fitz's fellow Dodgers. When Fred won, Leo presented a fancy tie-pin to him and then took the entire squad to a restaurant to celebrate. If you've ever tried to celebrate on a Sunday in Pittsburgh, you can appreciate the efforts Durocher made to reward his pitcher.

Fitzsimmons came to the Giants from Indianapolis in 1925, just when John McGraw's personal sun was setting. The Giants had just finished a run of four straight pennants but never were to win another under McGraw. Fitz was a good workhorse and a consistent winner for Mac, although he had only one 20-game season (1928), but it wasn't until Terry took charge that Fred was to get into a World Series.

In World Series competition, Fitzsimmons has had fantastically hard luck. He pitched the Giants' only losing game in 1933 against Washington. Fitz pitched well enough but the late Earl Whitehill threw a shutout for the Senators at Griffith Stadium.

In 1936, Fitzsimmons threw a four-hitter at the Yankees in Yankee Stadium and lost 2 to 1, even though the Giants made eleven hits! And the irony of it was that Fitz, one of the best fielding pitchers in the game, allowed the Yankees to score their winning run in the eighth on a ball hit right back at him by Frankie Crosetti. Fitz knocked down the ball and it fell dead behind him, with Burgess Whitehead racing vainly in from second in an effort to get Crosetti for the third out.

In the sixth and final game of the Series, the Yankees belted Fitz freely and knocked him out in the fourth, going on to take the game and the Series. It was five years later before Fitzsimmons got another crack at the Yankees and this time, although he didn't lose, neither did he win, even though he didn't allow a run in the seven innings he pitched.

Pitching at Ebbets Field in the third game of the 1941 World Series, Fred hooked up in a terrific pitching duel with Marius Russo, the young Yankee left-hander. Fitz allowed only four hits and in the seventh, with two out and Joe Gordon on second, Russo slashed a line drive back at Fitzsimmons. It struck him on the left leg, flew amazingly high into the air and was caught by PeeWee Reese at short. It ended the inning and it also just about ended Fitzsimmons' pitching career. He pitched only three innings the next year, serving mostly as a coach, and had a 3-4 record in 1943, when he was released so he could replace Bucky Harris as manager of the Phillies.

There were few more colorful pitchers to watch than Fitzsimmons on the mound. He huffed and he puffed like the big bad wolf. Fitz turned his back on the batter just before he pitched and then wheeled to deliver the ball. It didn't seem possible that he could control the ball, especially a knuckler, with such a peculiar delivery, but his control was good.

Fitz not only had control as far as the plate was concerned but he had excellent control of that most unpredictable of all pitches, the knuckle-ball. Many users of the knuckler haven't the faintest idea of which direction the ball will break but Fitzsimmons, by his fingering, could break it in or out or straight down.

When Hoyt Wilhelm joined the Giants, he already had a fine knuckler and Fitz didn't attempt to monkey around with it. He did, however, help Hoyt considerably by altering his pitching motion to improve his control.

In 1949, when Fitz joined Durocher as a coach, he ran afoul of Commissioner Chandler, as so many people connected with Leo seemed to do in those days. Fred had been coaching under Billy Southworth in Boston in 1948. At the tag-end of the season, when the Braves had the National League pennant wrapped up, Fitz asked Durocher, who had been made manager of the Giants a couple of months earlier, if he would be in the market for a coach.

Leo said he would be glad to have his old buddy with him and it seemed that was all there was to it, until Commissioner Chandler stepped in. Fitz was under con-

tract to the Braves when he asked Leo about the job and The Lip, in discussing it with him, therefore was technically guilty of tampering. The upshot was that Fitz was suspended for the first month of the 1949 season.

Herman Franks, born at Price, Utah, of Italian extraction, was a controversial figure before he could walk or talk. His father wanted him christened with some fine old Italian name, such as Salvatore or Giuseppe and his mother held out for an Anglicized name such as John or William. He finally was named Herman—after a guy who ran a butcher shop down the street.

Franks was brought up in the Cardinal chain but played only a fragment of one season (1939) with the parent club. After stops at Hollywood, Omaha, Sacramento, Houston and Columbus, he was sold to the Dodgers in 1940. He broke in early in the season with a four-for-four day at bat, including the only homer he was to hit that year, but Brooklyn's catching was handled by big Gordon Phelps and Gus Mancuso and Franks didn't get much work.

The following year Herm was shipped to Montreal, since Mickey Owen had been obtained from the Cardinals. Late in the season, Durocher recalled Franks and he made a brief appearance in the 1941 World Series, throwing out one base-runner trying to steal and hitting into a double play in his only time at bat.

During World War II, Franks was in the Navy and when he returned, Branch Rickey, who had known

of him as a Cardinal farm-hand, decided that there was managerial timber in the young man. He was managing Brooklyn's farm at St. Paul in the American Association when Connie Mack, in dire straits for catchers, bought him for the Athletics in August of 1947.

When Durocher was made manager of the Giants, Franks, like Fitz, sensed a job at the Polo Grounds. Unlike Fred, however, Herman was more cautious. He went to Mr. Mack, explained that at 33, his playing days were mostly behind him and asked if he could contact Leo on the possibilities of a Giant coaching job. Connie gave his consent and Franks moved into his present job.

During the winter seasons, Franks has done some Caribbean League managing. In the winter of 1954-55 he was with the Santurce Crabs in Puerto Rico, where he had Willie Mays and Ruben Gomez under him. It speaks well for Franks' standing with President Horace Stoneham and Durocher that they would entrust so valuable a player as Mays to Franks' guidance during the off-season.

Franks coaches at third base for the Giants, while Fitzsimmons handles the job at first. Durocher rarely goes on the lines, except when moved by superstitious reasons to break a slump. Sometimes, too, Frank and Fitz will switch posts to change the club's luck but mostly Herm is at third with Fred at first.

The third-base job is one of the most important in coaching. Franks handles it well. The coacher, to be effective, must move up the line toward the plate on all

scoring possibilities. This position gives him a better view of the field, enables him to allow a runner coming into third to take his full turn before flagging him down. By letting the runner take the turn, provided there is no play on him at third, he is in a position to keep going if the relay is bobbled.

Harry Grabiner had a lot on his mind in the winter of 1919-20. He was business manager of the White Sox and there were some pretty nasty rumors going around about the Sox losing the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds, rumors which were to explode into ugly lurid facts before the 1920 season was over.

This was the winter in which the spitball was outlawed in the majors. Players still using it were to be permitted to continue but no new players could employ it. A list of authorized spitballers had to be sent to the National Commission, the body which governed the majors before the advent of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. In all, some seventeen pitchers were exempt from the new restriction. Grabiner dutifully listed Urban (Red) Faber. He forgot entirely to list Frank Shellenback, who had a 10-12 record with the White Sox in 1918 and had been farmed out to Minneapolis in 1919. It changed the course of Shellenback's life and it is conceivable that it may have had something to do with the fact that the White Sox haven't won a pennant since. No other major league team has gone so long without a pennant.

Shellenback, born in Joplin, Missouri, but brought up in California where he attended the University of Santa Clara, was a young man of twenty when he joined the White Sox. He had a good spitball and he had promise. Shelly knew how to pitch. Grabiner was high on him as a prospect and no one regretted the error which doomed Shellenback to a lifetime in the minors any more than Grabiner. Unless, of course, it was Shelly himself.

On the Coast, where a special dispensation was given Shellenback to employ the spitter, he became something of a legend. Beginning in 1920 with Vernon, Frank was to pitch for nineteen seasons in the Pacific Coast League and to be a regular for sixteen of those nineteen. He remained at Vernon five years and won a total of 70 games, despite one season in which he pitched only nine innings. He left Vernon for Sacramento in 1925 and won 14 games and then spent a decade pitching for Hollywood and in that time won the amazing total of 205 games. He once won 27 games (1931) and twice won 26 games (1929 and 1932).

Leaving Hollywood after 1935, in which season he managed the club for the last half, Shellenback moved to San Diego as playing-manager for three more years. By now, of course, Shelly was getting up in the paint cards as far as age was concerned and he won a total of only six games for San Diego. He wound up with a total of 295 Pacific Coast League victories. How many he might have won in the majors had Grabiner put his name

on the list of accredited spitballers is anybody's guess. Before being too harsh with Harry, however, it is well to remember that the list of front office boners in baseball is a long one. Somebody with the Giants, for instance, forgot to pick up Hack Wilson's option at Toledo and he went on to hit scads of homers in the National League for the Cubs, who drafted him.

That Shellenback should have been a winning pitcher for so many seasons on the Coast shouldn't surprise anybody who knows the history of spitballers. They were a durable lot. Of the seventeen who were permitted to use the spitball in 1920, Burleigh Grimes lasted until 1934 and Faber, who had started in 1914, two years before Grimes, lasted until 1933. The hardest, of course, was John Picus Quinn, who pitched from 1909 until 1933.

Shelly managed San Diego for three years and then became a coach with the St. Louis Browns in 1939. He subsequently served in that role with the Tigers and Red Sox and managed Minneapolis in 1948. Ill health caused him to quit that job in mid-season and he came to the Giants in 1950.

An articulate, soft-spoken man, Shellenback makes a tremendous impression on youngsters. He was of great help to Ruben Gomez and to Johnny Antonelli in 1954, as well as to other young pitchers. Paul Giel, Minnesota's All-America halfback to whom the Giants paid a bonus of nearly \$60,000, is one of Shelly's most earnest pupils.

Part of Shellenback's chores with the Giants is to take charge of a morning tryout school, in which various pitchers from the metropolitan area, recommended by scouts, work out at the Polo Grounds under his watchful eye.

Shellenback is in the bull pen with the relief pitchers when the Giant games start and here, too, he continues his instructions. Frank's running fire of comments on the game, the stances of the hitters, the indications of the type of pitch which would give them the most trouble and similar inside stuff would make a wonderfully informative broadcast.

Frank has been married for 32 years to the former Elizabeth Taylor and they have a grown family. One of the boys, Dick, was a whale of a pitcher with Holy Cross a few years back. He has given no indication of continuing in the game professionally, however.

It was a tough break for Shellenback when Grabiner forgot to list him as an eligible spitballer but it was a good break for the Giants when he was added to their coaching staff.

Through one thing and another, Larry Jansen was twenty-seven years old when he got his first major league opportunity. He had started with Salt Lake City in the Pioneer League in 1940, been promoted to San Francisco of the Pacific Coast League, pitched there a couple of years, lost a couple of years because of the war, and then popped up with an amazing 30-6 record in 1946.

It was on the strength of this that the Giants purchased him for 1947 delivery.

Jansen was late in reporting to the camp in Phoenix. The official story was that one of his children (Larry has seven now) was ill but the grapevine had it that Larry wasn't satisfied with his freshman contract. He knew he wasn't going to get many chances and he wanted to be sure that this one paid off.

As a matter of fact, Larry came awfully close to not pitching for the Giants. Or for any one else. In an exhibition game against Cleveland, shortly after he joined the club, his pitching opponent, Bob Feller, belted one through the box, a screaming liner which tore through the webbing of Jansen's glove and broke his cheek bone. He was out for a month and Manager Mel Ott was busy with other pitchers when Larry was ready for action.

If Ottie was somewhat skeptical of Coast League pitchers, he couldn't be blamed for the Giants had been badly burned on pitchers from that league in other years. Ray Harrell won twenty for San Francisco in 1944 and couldn't win at all for the Giants the next year. Bob Joyce had a record of 31 victories on the Coast in 1945 and had a 3-4 record as a Giant.

The 1947 season was nearly a month old when Ott gave Jansen his first start on May 10 against Boston and Larry won by 2 to 1. A couple of days later he pitched in St. Louis, facing the Cardinals who had

won the World Championship the year before. Again Larry won and he was off and running. He was to win 21 games in his freshman season and to win 23 games in 1951 when the Giants made their great run for the pennant.

Primarily a curve ball pitcher, Jansen had enough of a fast ball to depend on it when he had to and he also threw a deceptive slider, a pitch which had been taught to him by Larry Woodall, the veteran catcher who is now with the Red Sox organization.

Jansen is another pitcher who profited from the sage advice of Coach Shellenback. Shelly got Larry to "move" the ball, to pitch inside and outside, rather than to keep pitching to one spot. It proved highly successful for Jansen when his curve ball was being solved.

Jansen had two so-so years after his big season in 1951 but in 1954 his curve ball wasn't breaking at all. It was merely turning over on its way to the plate. It was then that the Giants decided to reward Larry for his yeoman service with a coach's job. He was allowed to stay on the coaching staff but with his player's salary. And, at \$25,000 or thereabouts, Larry was one of the game's highest paid coaches in 1954.

President Stoneham had another reason, a less idealistic one in keeping Jansen close to the Giants' apron strings. Curve-ball pitchers frequently come back after a layoff, even pitchers in their mid-thirties. Larry showed signs of his old skills in pitching five in-

nings in an exhibition game against the Red Sox in Fenway Park in August and toward the end of 1954, in batting practice, his curve ball seemed to be breaking sharply once more. It could be that Jansen may be back on the firing line with the Giants again.

CHAPTER XV

Pen and Bench

(The Reserves)

BY CHARLEY FEENEY

AS GARRY SCHUMACHER, DISTINGUISHED NEW YORK Giant publicist and part time historian, liked to expound during one of his favorite historical dissertations:

"If Napoleon had a bench, he could have gone all the way."

The Greenpoint born drumbeater now can happily point to another conqueror some 140 years later. Leo Durocher had the bench and his Giants conquered the National League, then scuttled the AL king, the Cleveland Indians.

During the 1954 season and in the four-game sweep of the stunned Indians in the World Series, the Giant reserves proved the difference. Dusty Rhodes . . . Bobby Hofman . . . Hoyt Wilhelm . . . Marv Grissom. These reserves in particular carried the Giants

through the rough days when the Brooklyn Dodgers and Milwaukee Braves made their moves at the front-running men from Coogan's Bluff.

Rhodes was magnificent as a pinch hitter deluxe while Hofman, in addition to delivering timely hits, filled in admirably at first base for Whitey Lockman and at third base for Henry Thompson. Wilhelm and Grissom carried the pitching staff with their brilliant relief work, contributing to 22 victories and helping to save 39 other games.

Rhodes, a 28-year old Alabaman, led Heroes, Inc., climaxing the 1954 season with one of the greatest one-man shows in Series history.

As the Giants took their practice before the Series opener at the Polo Grounds, Rhodes kept circling the batting cage muttering: "What am I doin' here if I'm not playin'. I might as well go out in the lot and park cars for all the good I'm doin'."

Only a few hours before Durocher had arrived at a decision which resulted in Rhodes going to the bench. "I'm going to play Monte Irvin in left field," Durocher announced. "Monte is the kind of a player who always rises to the occasion. Then I'll have Rhodes ready to pinch hit when I need him."

No one could have visioned how much Durocher's decision could affect the outcome of the Series. In the first three games of the classic, Rhodes, an outfielder by trade and a slugger by choice, strode from the bench to swing for Irvin. He delivered three times and his name

was emblazoned on the front pages of every paper in the country.

His home-run—an Oriental 260-footer into the first row of seats in rightfield—won the Series opener in the tenth inning. His looping single in short center tied the second game in the fifth inning and put the winning run on third base. Two innings later he crashed a home run over the roof in right field to give Johnny Antonelli an insurance run in the 3-1 triumph.

Then came the third game and a bases-loaded single in the third inning to lead the Giants to a 6-1 win before a disappointed throng in Cleveland.

The script didn't call for Dusty's appearance in the fourth game . . . but his bat had been heard 'round the world in the first three games.

How did this sudden rise to stardom affect James Lamar Rhodes? Well, it didn't make him cocky. It couldn't. He was a cocky devil-may-care individual when he joined the Giants from Nashville in the middle of the 1952 season. Dusty had a couple of hot streaks in '52 and again in '53, but he didn't seem to fit into the Giants' "resurrection year,"—1954.

Even Durocher, who rarely admits when he's wrong, backed down to Giant President Horace Stoneham concerning Rhodes. "I wanted to get rid of Rhodes before the season started," confessed the Giant manager. "I told the boss 'Get rid of Rhodes. He can't do nothin'. He can't run . . . He can't field.'"

But Rhodes, despite Durocher's opinion and his

love of the dim lights of a night club rather than the bright lights of a major league ball park, was still around when the 1954 season opened.

Just the fact that he reached the Polo Grounds surprised many observers. Dusty didn't play often in the exhibition games and he isn't the kind of a fellow to keep anything to himself. He openly told writers he didn't like his life with the Giants and he defiantly appeared in public places drinking his favorite beverage.

After an exhibition game in Las Vegas in the spring of 1954, Rhodes and the other players boarded a bus headed for the airport. Some of the players carried newspapers or magazines . . . others strolled along needling each other. Rhodes boarded the bus with his fist clenched around a glass full of ice with some beverage added for taste.

"He'll never make it to the Polo Grounds," opined one writer. And almost all nodded in agreement.

But came opening day and there was Ol' Dusty in his usual spot—on the bench. For the first month he didn't do anything to raise any eyebrows. Rhodes, however, wasn't satisfied with picking up a pay check for languishing in the dugout.

After one of the games in early May, he approached Giant top scout Tom Sheehan and said: "Get me out of here. Tell 'em to send me to Minneapolis where I can play. I don't wanna sit around here. I wanna play." Sheehan tried to cool him off. But Rhodes was adamant. "Get me out of here," he insisted.

Fortunately for the Giants, Sheehan ignored Rhodes' demands. Soon Dusty had a new lease on life. He was being used regularly as a pinch hitter and was coming through. There came times when Durocher even started him. In this role again Rhodes was successful. But Leo felt Rhodes was more valuable as a No. 1 pinch hitter and he went back to the bench.

The Giant lead rose to seven and one-half games in mid-July with Rhodes' pinch-hits having a great deal to do with the success. Then came the skid . . . The lead dropped to a meagre half game.

Rhodes and his roommate, Bobby Hofman, openly joshed Durocher about the team. "Put us in there," said Hofman. "We'll get you seven in front again . . . then we'll go fishin'."

Durocher decided to take the chance. With Rhodes and Hofman leading the way, most of the Giant lead was restored. Then, as they had promised, Rhodes and Hofman went to their manager and said: "Well, we got it back for you. Now we're goin' fishin'." They never made the fishing trip, of course, but they had accomplished their mission. They had restored the bulge and instilled added confidence into each of the regulars.

It was indeed a twist of fate that Rhodes and Hofman became close friends. Both loved to play, but both were forced to play second fiddle to the stars. Yet in the clubhouse they were among the most popular players.

Hofman has only one complaint against Rhodes. "He's always wearing my clothes," said the veteran

utility infielder. Last spring Hofman assured Durocher that Rhodes had arrived in camp in shape. "How do you know?" pressed Leo. "He brought his own underwear," snapped the straight-faced Hofman.

Rhodes is a lovable character who could have been created by Ring Lardner. He comes from a small town in Alabama called Dennison but now makes his home with his wife and two sons in Rock Hill, S.C.

According to Dusty, he had no serious hopes of making the major leagues when he broke into organized ball in 1947. He was in the Chicago Cubs' organization but they soon dismissed him because he was a 12 o'clock guy playing in 9 o'clock towns.

During the World Series he drove the writers whacky with his remarks. One scribe wanted to know if Dusty had played ball in high school. "Heck, no," he laughed, "I was in the eleventh grade and three months later I wound up in the ninth grade so I quit."

Another scribe pressing for background material inquired about Dusty's late father's occupation. With a straight face, Rhodes said, "He was a corn farmer. He grew 20 gallons a day."

Rhodes' sense of humor almost as much as his clutch hits won Durocher to his side. "He keeps everybody laughin'," said Leo, "and a happy club is always a good one."

Despite Rhodes' happy-go-lucky nature, cold statistics clearly show his value to the Giants. He batted

.341 and drove in 50 runs with 56 hits. As a pinch hitter, Dusty was 15-for-45 for a .333 average.

Bobby Hofman, unlike his roommate, is contented with his role as reserve infielder and No. 1 righthanded pinch hitter. In fact, when Bobby had one of the best days of his baseball career, he couldn't sleep after it.

It was in early June 1953 that Hofman went four-for-four in Pittsburgh. He crashed two home runs as the Giants whipped the Pirates. As the reporters entered the Giant dressing room to interview the "one-game hero," they were startled to learn that Hofman was the one asking the questions. "Was Rickey here?" anxiously queried Hofman. Then answering his own question, he said: "I hope not. He may want to buy me. I want to stay with this club . . . Even if I don't play regularly." The following morning Hofman revealed he couldn't sleep because he was worried about Rickey making a deal for him.

Rickey wasn't in Pittsburgh that day but it's doubtful if the Pirates' general manager ever gave a thought to making a deal for Hofman. For the one thing that Bobby lacks, Rickey demands. Speed!

Bobby's lack of speed defeated any chance he had of winning a full-time job as Giant second baseman. Dave Williams became the keystone man in 1952, replacing Eddie Stanky, and Hofman gradually became a jack of all trades for the Giants. He learned to play

first base during the Giants' tour of the Orient in the fall of 1953. During the '54 pennant drive, Hofman subbed for Lockman, Thompson and occasionally Williams.

It was Hofman who led the Giants to a major league record for pinch homers. The club socked 10 with Bobby leading the way with three. Hofman's batting average didn't indicate his true value to the Giants. He hit an anemic .224. But he drove in 30 runs with 28 hits and was a powerful morale factor.

Hofman is strictly a Giant product. He started in the organization with Springfield, O., in 1944 and then moved to Trenton, Sioux City, Minneapolis, Oakland, to Ottawa, and back to Minneapolis before joining the Giants in 1952.

Ex-Brooklyn manager Charley Dressen, who piloted Hofman at Oakland, always has been one of Bobby's biggest boosters. Back in 1952 when all Hofman was doing was keeping the bench warm Dressen insisted Bobby had the makings. "He's a real good hitter and Leo will find it out," said Dressen.

Hofman is a keen observer of the game. He may never become a full-time player but he is a potential full-time manager.

Although he played a leading part in the Giant drive, Hofman did disappoint many of his fans—particularly the ladies—at the end of the season. During the summer, a group, representing the opposite sex, voted Hofman: "Baseball's Most Eligible Bachelor." An honor which the handsome 27-year old 5:10 185-pounder

with the crew cut proudly acknowledged until the day after the season ended.

Then on Sept. 27 in Clifton, N.J. Hofman married Ruth Boston, a lovely blonde from Bobby's hometown, St. Louis. You can be sure there is one Boston who will never switch to Milwaukee.

The Yankees had their Joe Page. The Dodgers had their Hugh Casey and for a year Joe Black. Durocher didn't have to settle for one relief ace. He had two—Hoyt Wilhelm and Marv Grissom, who between them appeared in 113 games.

Actually, besides helping the staggering starters, Wilhelm and Grissom helped each other. When one's arm became weary the other took over for a week or two. That was the pattern as they collaborated in saving 39 games during the 1954 campaign.

Neither received any fanfare when he joined the Giants. Wilhelm, the balding 31-year-old North Carolinian, joined the Giants from Minneapolis in 1952 spring training. He had little to recommend him as he finished with an uneventful 11-14 record in 1951.

Durocher, however, was quick to notice Wilhelm's potential as a reliever. Hoyt didn't pitch much during the exhibition games. But Durocher insisted Wilhelm was going to stick. "With his knuckler he should be an asset for a couple of innings at a time," Durocher assumed. Even Leo failed to recognize the full value of Wilhelm with his flutter ball.

In 1952—his rookie season—Wilhelm set a Giant record by appearing in 71 games. He won 15 and lost three, then in 1953, came the relapse. As the Giants folded so did Wilhelm and many began wondering if he was going to be a one-year sensation along the lines of Black. He won seven while losing eight in '53 and didn't win a game after Aug. 1.

Wilhelm appeared in 57 games in 1954—one more than Grissom. He posted a 12-4 record and a 2.11 ERA. Then following the script all the way, he saved the third game of the World Series.

It was a rocky road for Wilhelm before he gained stardom. He bounced around the minors as do so many others. Because he didn't possess a good fast ball few minor league managers gave him a tumble. His knuckler remains hard to handle. In fact, the Giant receivers still have a difficult time trying to corral the flutter ball as it shimmies up to the plate.

Jack Schwarz, secretary of the Giant farm system and scouting department, shudders when he thinks of the numerous times Wilhelm was left open to the baseball draft. The Giant organization, via its Jacksonville farm club, had drafted Wilhelm from Evansville, a Braves affiliate, in 1947.

Once with the Giant system, Wilhelm remained as unpredictable as his knuckler. He bounced from Jacksonville . . . to Knoxville . . . to Jacksonville . . . to Minneapolis . . . to New York. Three times, to be

exact, Wilhelm was on the draft list but no other major league club thought he was worth a \$10,000 gamble.

The Giants almost missed the boat on Wilhelm too. They weren't going to promote him to the roster at the close of the 1951 season. However, on Farm Director Carl Hubbell's report the brass decided to bring up Wilhelm instead of taking another chance that he might be picked up in the draft. Hubbell's report read: "Willard Ramsdell hung around the majors with a knuckler. Wilhelm has a better one."

What appeared to be a bad break for Wilhelm and the Giants in June, 1954, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The stocky righthander was injured in an auto accident and became involved in an argument with the police in Tarrytown, N.Y. The accident report made the news pages of the New York papers and naturally word got around that Wilhelm wasn't taking his training seriously.

The incident soon was forgotten but Wilhelm couldn't forget. He was reminded each day by a sharp twinge in his back, an injury sustained in the accident. Hoyt didn't complain about it openly but his sudden ineffectiveness in July clearly indicated he wasn't up to par.

With Wilhelm sagging, Grissom came to the rescue. The 36-year old American League cast-off turned in numerous brilliant stints while Wilhelm rested. The inactivity was all Hoyt needed. He was well again by

mid-August. Down the stretch, Wilhelm was brilliant. Grissom, overworked, now was able to get a breather. Then in the final weeks both were ready . . . willing . . . and more than able.

It was quite evident that Grissom couldn't do it without Wilhelm and Wilhelm couldn't do it without Grissom.

Grissom proved to be a bargain beauty. Picked up from the Boston Red Sox for the \$10,000 waiver price in July of 1953, Marv didn't start paying dividends until 1954. Then with the help of a newly developed pitch—a screwball—Grissom became a winner. He began the season as a spot starter and reliever, then early in May Durocher decided Marv's place was in the bullpen. The burly 6-2 squared-jawed Californian was a success immediately.

Grissom developed the screwball with the Giants on their tour of Japan. He didn't have long to wait to show it off to the National League batters. On opening day at the Polo Grounds, Sal Maglie was tiring in the seventh inning against the Dodgers. Wilhelm and Grissom were heating up in the bullpen. Everyone expected Durocher to call in Wilhelm to pitch to Duke Snider, but instead Leo signalled for Grissom. A failure here might have finished Marv in the majors. But he didn't flop. He retired Snider with the bases loaded, then mowed down five more Dodgers before PeeWee Reese worked him for a walk with two out in the ninth. Once again Snider strode to the dish. The Giants had a 4-3

lead and the mighty Duke was swinging for the nearby rightfield seats at the Polo Grounds.

But, like the fabled Casey, the mighty Duke struck out. It was Grissom's new pitch—the screwball—which whiffed the famed Brooklyn slugger and Marvelous Marv was off to his greatest year in baseball.

He finished 1954 with 10 wins and 7 losses and a brilliant 2.34 ERA. In addition, he was the winner in the World Series opener, blanking the Indians for the final two and two-thirds innings.

Grissom began his major league career with the Giants in 1946. He was given a brief trial, then disappeared in the minors. He came back briefly with the Detroit Tigers, then made the grade in 1952 with the Chicago White Sox.

With the White Sox, Grissom won 12 and lost 10 and always was able to give the Yankees a hectic time when he faced them. His success with the Yankees alone made him one of White Sox general manager Frank Lane's favorites. But Marv soon was in disfavor with Lane. Grissom refused to agree to an operation on his right elbow and Lane lost little time sending him elsewhere. In the winter of 1953, Grissom, along with two other hurlers, was traded to the Boston Red Sox for Vern Stephens. There were rumors that Marv's arm was not sound and they seemed substantiated as Grissom won only two while losing four with Boston before he was waived to the Giants.

It was fortunate for the Giants that the Yankee

front office didn't think it important enough to consult Casey Stengel about the waivers on Grissom. Stengel was sitting on the Yankee bench when a reporter informed him the Giants had secured Grissom. "What!" screamed the Yankee manager, "how'd he get out of the league?"

Grissom was the first fellow to point out why the Giants were going to beat the Indians in the Series. Completely ignoring the outstanding Tribe hurling, Grissom, a week before the series opened, predicted the Giants would beat the Indians by "outpitching them."

"The Giants know more about the Cleveland batters' weaknesses than the teams in the American League," insisted Grissom, whose brother, Lee, toiled for the Cincinnati Reds in the 30's. "Why I couldn't get the Indians out when I was in the American League. I was told to pitch them away from their power. I never had any success and neither did the teams I played with. Sal Maglie and Larry Jansen tipped me off this spring. 'Pitch 'em tight,' Maglie told me. It worked in the spring and I'm sure it'll work in the Series."

Grissom proved quite a prognosticator as the Giant staff completely outpitched Bob Lemon, Early Wynn and Mike Garcia.

As for Grissom, it was his greatest thrill of a career which started way back with San Bernardino, Calif., in 1941.

Grissom . . . Wilhelm . . . Hofman . . . Rhodes. They were the mainstays of the Giant reserve strength. But there were lesser lights who shone during the season. Don Liddle and John (Windy) McCall delivered on the mound in tough spots. Big Bill Taylor chipped in with some timely pinch hits, including two homers. Billy Gardner tightened the defense when called upon to replace Henry Thompson who was injured twice during the campaign. Ray Katt, a disappointment early in the year, came on strong in the final two months and gave Wes Westrum a chance to recuperate from some minor injuries. Hoot Evers stopped off between a tenure with the Boston Red Sox and Detroit Tigers to crash a pinch homer to beat the Cardinals.

Irvin and Lockman, forced to the bench on occasions, also came through with pinch homers to give the Giants a record of 10 pinch home runs.

Then there was Jim Hearn. A keen disappointment, indeed. Yet Jumbo Jim pitched two shutouts over the Reds and in a pennant race such as 1954 every victory counted.

Liddle, a 27-year old southpaw, was the little package which came along with the big one—Johnny Antonelli—from Milwaukee. Tiny Don, only 5-9, won the final game of the World Series. Liddle looks more like a middleweight boxer than a pitcher capable of retiring such mighty men as Stan Musial, Ted Kluszewski and Snider. But Don always was there when Du-

rocher beckoned . . . whether it was to relieve or start.

And so was McCall, a talkative 29-year old lefty who had failed in trials with the Boston Red Sox and Pittsburgh Pirates. The Giants shelled out \$60,000 and three players to San Francisco for McCall at the end of the 1953 season. Until the Antonelli deal was made, McCall was counted on as the club's No. 1 lefty. Windy, as he is called for an obvious reason, won only two games but he certainly earned his pay and the nickname the "third out lefty."

It was McCall's No. 1 assignment to enter a game at a crucial point and get out the big man. He seldom failed although in the following inning he generally left for a pinch hitter. Yet he had accomplished his mission and was deserving of the \$11,000 World Series share.

The confidence of the entire team increased as another hero arrived during the season. The pinch hitters got off the bench cold but they suddenly developed such a confidence that they felt the opposing pitcher always was on the spot.

Such was the case one June day in Milwaukee. The Giants had beaten the Braves three straight in the beer capital and Ruben Gomez and Gene Conley were locked in a scoreless duel going into the tenth inning. Bill Taylor, who had never hit a home run in the majors, was sent up to swing for his roommate, Billy Gardner. As Taylor walked past Gardner, he said: "Well, roomie

they sent me up to hit one out of here for you. I'm not gonna let you down."

Moments later Taylor drove one of Conley's serves over the wall in right center and the Giants had a 1-0 victory.

The parade of heroes was in full march when National League President Warren Giles felt he had to step in last June. Giles received word that Durocher was giving \$100 "rewards" to players who won games with pinch hits. Giles quickly put a stop to such bonuses. The NL prexy issued a ruling, ordering all managers to cease such a practice. While it was a league memorandum it was clear it was directed at Durocher. There were no further cash awards but Heroes, Inc., rolled on.

Of all the Giant reserves, Billy Gardner had been in the organization the longest. Gardner signed with the Giant Jersey City farm club in 1945 and was a teammate of Sal Maglie and Whitey Lockman.

Gifted with a shot-gun arm, Gardner became the center of a controversy when he joined the Jersey City Giants. In fact, Billy, indirectly, was responsible for Gabby Hartnett getting fired as manager in Jersey City. Hartnett decided Billy was an outfielder and played him there. The Giant front office insisted Gardner was an infielder. The brass and Hartnett squabbled loud and long and finally Hartnett said: "If I can't play the players where I want, then get another manager."

The Giants did.

Fellows like Foster Castleman, an outstanding infield prospect, Pitchers Al Worthington, Al Corwin and Ramon Monzant were called up from Minneapolis in hours of need. Each chipped in during the drive to Pennantville.

Then there were the two bonus babies—Joe Amalfitano and Paul Giel. These youngsters would have gained through minor league experience. But the bonus rule prohibited sending Amalfitano or Giel to the minors.

Amalfitano, a 21-year old third baseman from California, received \$37,000 for signing in February, 1954. Giel, a righthanded pitcher and an all-American football player at the University of Minnesota, signed for about \$60,000.

Amalfitano never batted in the majors until after the Giants clinched the pennant in the final week. Yet, in his own way, Joe helped.

There was the time during August when the Giants were struggling to snap a losing streak. Maglie was due to pitch. Just as he went to warm up, he looked over at Amalfitano. "Come on, Joe," said the veteran right-hander, "warm me up. Might change our luck." The Giants won that day. The next day Amalfitano warmed up Johnny Antonelli. He also won. And so it went. Ruben Gomez won after warming up with the stocky Italian lad who some day hopes to become to the Giants what Tony Lazzeri was to the Yankees. The Giant

streak stretched to six games with Amalfitano warming up the starters. To the superstitious players on the club—and there were many—Little Joey was as important as Willie Mays . . . Alvin Dark . . . or Don Mueller.

Giel also was mostly a spectator after signing in June, 1954. Yet Paul didn't miss an opportunity to learn. He watched Antonelli closely. It made Giel feel good to see another bonus boy making good.

Only six years ago, Antonelli was fresh out of high school with a \$60,000 bonus in his pocket. In 1954, Antonelli was an established star. Giel could be the Antonelli of 1958.

Paul struggled with the decision as to whether to enter baseball or football. He received lucrative offers from the National Football League teams and clubs in the Canadian League. It was a tough decision . . . one, which, according to Giel, kept him awake nights. Even after he made it, he wasn't sure it was the right one.

Then on the final weekend of the season in Philadelphia, the 5-11 185-pound ex-All America realized he had not made a mistake. The Giants were staying at the Warwick Hotel in Philadelphia and Giel was sitting in the lobby when a large group of strapping young men entered. "Who are they?" queried young Mr. Giel. "They're the Cleveland Browns football team," Giel was informed. An astonished look overtook Paul as he said:

"Now I know I picked the right sport."

Appendix

JOSEPH AMALFITANO

*Born January 23, 1933, San Pedro, Calif.
Height 5' 11". Weight 180. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1954—	New York	9	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000

JOHN AUGUST ANTONELLI

*Born April 19, 1930, Rochester, N. Y.
Height 6'. Weight 190. Throws and bats left.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1948—	Boston	4	0	4	0	0	2	0	3	1	2.25
1949—	Boston	22	3	96	3	7	99	48	42	38	3.56
1950—	Boston	20	2	59	2	3	81	33	22	38	5.80
(National Defense List 1951, '52)											
1953—	Milwaukee	31	11	175	12	12	167	131	71	62	3.19
1954—	New York	39	18	259	21	7	209	152	94	66	2.29

Major League Totals

116	34	593	38	29	558	364	232	205	3.11
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954—	New York	2	1	10 $\frac{2}{3}$	1	0	8	12	7	1	0.82

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954—	National	0	2	0	0	4	2	0	3	13.50

ALVIN RALPH DARK

*Born January 7, 1923, Comanche, Okla.**Height 5' 11". Weight 185. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1946	Boston (N)	15	13	0	3	3	0	0	1	.231
1947	Milwaukee	149	614	121	186	49	7	10	66	.303
1948	Boston	137	543	85	175	39	6	3	48	.322
1949	Boston	130	529	74	146	23	5	3	53	.276
1950	New York	154	587	79	164	36	5	16	67	.279
1951	New York	156	646	114	196	41	7	14	69	.303
1952	New York	151	589	92	177	29	3	14	73	.301
1953	New York	155	647	126	194	41	6	23	88	.300
1954	New York	154	644	98	189	26	6	20	70	.293

Major League Totals	1052	4198	688	1244	238	38	93	469	.296
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1948	Boston	6	24	2	4	1	0	0	0	.167
1951	New York	6	24	5	10	3	0	1	4	.417
1954	New York	4	17	2	7	0	0	0	0	.412

World Series Totals	16	65	9	21	4	0	1	4	.323
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ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951	National	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	.200
1954	National	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	.200

All-Star Totals	10	0	2	0	0	0	0	.200
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LEO ERNEST DUROCHER

*Born July 27, 1906, West Springfield, Mass.
Height 5' 9". Weight 175. Batted and threw right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1925—Hartford		151	536	60	118	13	4	1220
1925—New York		2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1926—Atlanta		130	408	62	97	9	5	2	33	.238
1927—St. Paul		171	594	60	150	27	10	7	78	.253
1928—New York		102	296	46	80	8	6	0	31	.270
1929—New York ^a		106	341	53	84	4	5	0	32	.246
1930—Cincinnati		119	354	31	86	15	3	3	32	.243
1931—Cincinnati		121	361	26	82	11	5	1	29	.227
1932—Cincinnati		143	457	43	99	22	5	1	33	.217
1933—Cin. ^b -St. Louis		139	446	51	113	19	4	3	44	.253
1934—St. Louis		146	500	62	130	26	5	3	70	.260
1935—St. Louis		143	513	62	136	23	5	8	78	.265
1936—St. Louis		136	510	57	146	22	3	1	58	.286
1937—St. Louis ^c		135	477	46	97	11	3	1	47	.203
1938—Brooklyn		141	479	41	105	18	5	1	56	.219
1939—Brooklyn		116	390	42	108	21	6	1	34	.277
1940—Brooklyn		62	160	10	37	9	1	1	14	.231
1941—Brooklyn		18	42	2	12	1	0	0	6	.286
1942—Brooklyn					(Did not play)					
1943—Brooklyn		6	18	1	4	0	0	0	1	.222
1944—Brooklyn					(Did not play)					
1945—Brooklyn		2	5	1	1	0	0	0	2	.200

Major League Totals 1637 5350 575 1320 210 56 24 567 .247

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1928—New York		Amer.	2B	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1934—St. Louis		Nat.	SS	7	27	4	7	1	1	0	0	.259

World Series Totals 11 29 4 7 1 1 0 0 .241

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	POS	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1936—National		SS	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	.333
1938—National		SS	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	.333

All-Star Game Totals 6 1 2 0 0 0 0 .333

RECORD AS MANAGER

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	W	L	YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	W	L
1939—Brooklyn		Nat.	Third	84	69	1948—Brooklyn ^e		Nat.	Fifth	36	37
1940—Brooklyn		Nat.	Second	83	65	1948—New York ^f		Nat.	Fifth	51	38
1941—Brooklyn		Nat.	First	100	54	1949—New York		Nat.	Fifth	73	81
1942—Brooklyn		Nat.	Second	104	50	1950—New York		Nat.	Third	86	68
1943—Brooklyn		Nat.	Third	81	72	1951—New York		Nat.	First	98	59
1944—Brooklyn		Nat.	Seventh	63	91	1952—New York		Nat.	Second	92	62
1945—Brooklyn		Nat.	Third	87	67	1953—New York		Nat.	Fifth	70	84
1946—Brooklyn		Nat.	Second	96	60	1954—New York		Nat.	First	97	57
1947—Brooklyn ^d		Nat.						

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	W	L
1941—	Brooklyn	Nat.	1	4
1951—	New York	Nat.	2	4
1954—	New York	Nat.	4	0

^a Claimed by Cincinnati on waivers, February, 1930.

^b Traded with John Ogden and Frank Henry to St. Louis for Paul Derringer, Allyn Stout and Earl Adams, May 7, 1933.

^c Traded to Brooklyn for Jim Bucher, Joe Stripp, John Cooney and Roy Henshaw, October 4, 1937.

^d Suspended for season by Commissioner A. B. Chandler.

^e Replaced by Burt Shotton, July 16, 1948.

^f Succeeded Mel Ott, July 16, 1948.

FREDERICK LANDIS FITZSIMMONS

Born July 28, 1901, Mishawaka, Ind.

Height 5' 11". Weight 205. Threw and batted right.

YEAR	CLUB	G	IP	W	L	PCT	H	R	ER	SO	BB	AVE
1920—	Muskegon	12	100	3	9	.250	114	59	...	38	30	...
1921—	Muskegon	34	251	14	13	.519	244	118	89	126	81	3.19
1922—	Muskegon	36	245	16	11	.593	250	110	91	138	74	3.34
1922—	Indianapolis	77	48	3	4	.429	48	21	17	16	20	3.19
1923—	Indianapolis	33	173	9	4	.692	185	104	87	58	49	4.53
1924—	Indianapolis	39	279	14	17	.452	313	170	141	100	74	4.55
1925—	Indianapolis	27	184	14	6	.700	189	91	77	55	50	3.77
1925—	New York	10	75	6	3	.667	70	25	22	17	18	2.64
1926—	New York	37	219	14	10	.583	224	90	70	48	58	2.88
1927—	New York	42	245	17	10	.630	260	127	101	78	67	3.71
1928—	New York	40	261	20	9	.690	264	119	107	67	65	3.69
1929—	New York	37	222	15	11	.577	242	122	101	55	66	4.09
1930—	New York	41	224	19	7	*.731	230	125	106	76	59	4.26
1931—	New York	35	254	18	11	.621	242	111	87	78	62	3.05
1932—	New York	35	238	11	11	.500	287	132	*117	65	83	4.42
1933—	New York	36	252	16	11	.593	243	106	81	65	72	2.89
1934—	New York	38	263	18	14	.563	266	114	89	73	51	3.05
1935—	New York	18	94	4	8	.333	104	43	42	23	22	4.02
1936—	New York	28	141	10	7	.588	147	58	52	35	39	3.32
1937—	New York ^a -Brooklyn	19	118	6	10	.375	119	61	57	42	40	4.35
1938—	Brooklyn	27	203	11	8	.579	205	83	68	38	43	3.01
1939—	Brooklyn	27	151	7	9	.438	178	79	65	44	28	3.87
1940—	Brooklyn	20	134	16	2	*.889	120	43	42	35	25	2.82
1941—	Brooklyn	13	83	6	1	.857	78	33	19	19	26	2.06
1942—	Brooklyn	1	3	0	0	.000	6	5	5	0	1	15.00
1943—	Brooklyn ^b	9	45	3	4	.429	50	29	27	12	21	5.40

Major League Totals 513 3225 217 146 .593 3335 1505 1257 870 846 3.51

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	IP	W	L	PCT	H	R	ER	SO	BB	AVE
1933—	New York	1	7	0	1	.000	9	4	4	1	0	5.14
1936—	New York	2	11 $\frac{2}{3}$	0	2	.000	13	7	7	6	2	5.40
1941—	Brooklyn	1	7	0	0	.000	4	0	0	1	3	0.00

World Series Totals 4 25 $\frac{2}{3}$ 0 3 .000 26 11 11 8 5 3.86

RECORD AS MANAGER

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	W	L
1943—	Philadelphia ^a	Nat.	Seventh	25	38
1944—	Philadelphia	Nat.	Eighth	61	92
1945—	Philadelphia ^d	Nat.	Eighth	17	51

* Led league.

^a Traded to Brooklyn for Thomas Baker, June 11, 1937.

^b Released by Brooklyn to manage Philadelphia Phillies, July 28, 1943.

^c Replaced Stanley Harris, July 28, with club in sixth place.

^d Replaced by Ben Chapman, June 30, 1945.

HERMAN LOUIS FRANKS

Born January 4, 1915, Price, Utah.

Height 5' 11". Weight 198. Batted left, threw right.

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1932—	Hollywood	4	8	1	3	0	0	1375
1933—	Hollywood	16	36	3	11	3	0	1	5	.306
1934—	Omaha	2	3	1	1	0	1	0	1	.333
1935—	Jacksonville	128	482	55	137	24	1	6	83	.284
1936—	Houston	97	312	33	81	12	8	5	48	.260
1937—	Houston	10	23	3	3	1	0	0	3	.130
1937—	Sacramento	96	313	41	83	14	5	3	39	.265
1938—	Sacramento	143	470	55	129	29	3	9	67	.274
1939—	St. Louis	17	17	1	1	0	0	0	3	.059
1939—	Columbus ^a	58	175	22	52	5	0	4	18	.297
1940—	Brooklyn	65	131	11	24	4	0	1	14	.183
1941—	Montreal	46	120	17	35	9	1	4	18	.292
1941—	Brooklyn	57	139	10	28	7	0	1	11	.201
1942—	Montreal	17	52	2	15	4	0	1	7	.288
1942-43-44-45—	Brooklyn	(In Military Service)								
1946—	Montreal	100	289	52	81	16	2	14	67	.280
1947—	St. Paul	49	102	3	21	3	2	2	16	.206
1947—	Philadelphia	8	15	2	3	0	1	0	1	.200
1948—	Philadelphia ^b	40	98	10	22	7	1	1	14	.224
1949—	New York	1	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	.667
National League Totals		140	290	23	55	11	0	2	28	.190
American League Totals		48	113	12	25	7	2	1	15	.221
Major League Totals		188	403	35	80	18	2	3	43	.199

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA	PO	A	E	FA
1941—	Brooklyn	Nat.	C	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	0	1.000

RECORD AS MANAGER

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	W	L
1947—	St. Paul ^a	A. A.	Seventh	52	74

^a Sold to Brooklyn, February 6, 1940.

^b Released by Philadelphia.

^c Replaced by Curt Davis when sold to Philadelphia.

WILLIAM GARDNER

*Born July 19, 1927, New London, Conn.
Height 6'. Weight 170. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1945—	Jersey City	49	172	16	47	4	2	1	20	.273
1947—	Jacksonville	110	423	55	111	18	5	1	41	.262
1948—	Jacksonville	154	548	66	140	26	4	3	66	.255
1949—	Minneapolis	17	28	7	5	0	0	2	6	.179
1950—	Sioux City	154	581	96	176	32	7	22	118	.303
1951—	Ottawa	150	555	56	128	20	6	3	37	.231
1952—	Minneapolis	93	224	29	58	15	1	1	15	.259
1953—	Nashville	153	591	88	182	42	5	10	71	.308
1954—	New York	62	108	10	23	5	0	1	7	.213
Major League Totals		62	108	10	23	5	0	1	7	.213

RUBEN GOMEZ

*Born July 13, 1927, Arroyo, Puerto Rico.
Height 6'. Weight 175. Throws and bats right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1949—	Bristol	11	3	48	5	1	44	86	68	15	2.81
1950—	Bristol	3	1	15	1	0	13	7	16
1950—	St. Jean	26	17	180	14	4	174	140	86	78	3.89
1951—	Havana	4	2	31	1	2	30	19	19	15	4.35
1951—	St. Jean	28	13	153	12	6	155	135	81	75	4.41
1952—	Kansas City	5	0	10	1	0	16	4	6	13	1.17
1953—	New York	29	13	204	13	11	166	113	101	77	3.40
1954—	New York	37	10	222	17	9	202	106	109	71	2.88
Major League Totals		66	23	426	30	20	368	219	219	148	3.13

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954—	New York	1	0	7½	1	0	4	3	3	2	2.57

MARVIN EDWARD GRISSOM

*Born March 31, 1918, Los Molinas, Calif.
Height 6' 3". Weight 195. Throws and bats right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1941	San Bernardino	10	3	52	2	4	72	25	27	27	4.67
	(National Defense List 1942, 43, 44, 45)										
1946	Jersey City	34	5	19	4	10	105	75	81	55	4.16
1946	New York (N)	4	0	19	0	2	17	9	13	9	4.26
1947	Minneapolis	37	7	151	9	16	162	92	89	5	6.26
1948	Sacramento	38	11	190	11	7	92	95	83	85	4.03
1949	Detroit	27	0	39	2	4	56	17	34	28	6.46
1950	Toledo	28	8	156	9	10	157	99	54	60	3.46
1951	Seattle	34	20	252	20	11	193	146	100	85	3.04
1952	Chicago (A)	28	7	166	12	10	156	97	79	69	3.74
1953	Boston (A) /	13	1	59	2	6	61	31	30	34	4.73
1953	New York	21	3	84	4	2	83	46	31	37	3.96
1954	New York	56	1	122	10	7	100	64	50	32	2.36
Major League Totals		149	12	489	30	31	473	264	237	206	3.79

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954	New York	1	0	2 $\frac{2}{3}$	1	0	1	2	3	0	0.00

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954	National	1	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	2	0	0	0.00

JAMES T. (JIM) HEARN

*Born April 11, 1923, Atlanta, Ga.
Height 6' 3". Weight 200. Throws and bats right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1942	Columbus, Ga.	27	7	203	11	12	188	119	77	74	3.24
	On National Defense List, 1943, 1944, 1945										
1946	Columbus, O.	24	3	98	4	5	103	48	46	45	4.13
1947	St. Louis	37	4	162	12	7	151	57	63	58	3.22
1948	St. Louis	34	3	90	8	6	92	27	35	42	4.20
1949	St. Louis	17	0	42	1	3	48	18	23	24	5.14
1949	Rochester	13	7	89	8	3	92	44	36	42	4.25
1950	New York-St. Louis	22	11	134	11	4	84	58	44	37	2.49
1951	New York	34	11	211	17	9	204	66	82	85	3.63
1952	New York	37	11	224	14	7	208	89	97	94	3.78
1953	New York	36	6	197	9	12	205	77	84	99	4.52
1954	New York	29	3	130	8	8	137	45	66	60	4.15
Major League Totals		246	49	1190	80	56	1130	437	494	499	3.79

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1951—	New York	2	0	8 $\frac{2}{3}$	1	0	5	1	8	1	1.04

ROBERT GEORGE (BOBBY) HOFMAN

Born October 5, 1925, St. Louis, Mo.

Height 5' 11". Weight 175. Bats and throws right.

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1944—	Springfield	18	65	10	20	4	0	0	10	.308
On National Defense List, 1945										
1946—	Trenton	59	209	20	54	11	2	0	27	.258
1947—	Trenton	130	514	92	141	30	13	5	59	.274
1948—	Sioux City	120	501	104	160	38	5	10	72	.319
1949—	New York	16	48	4	10	0	0	0	3	.208
1949—	Minneapolis	92	395	66	111	15	4	9	38	.281
1950—	Oakland	166	558	79	65	30	9	15	83	.296
1951—	Ottawa	72	263	36	72	13	1	2	29	.274
1951—	Minneapolis	67	241	40	70	11	2	10	45	.290
1952—	New York	32	63	11	18	2	2	2	4	.286
1953—	New York	74	169	21	45	7	2	12	34	.266
1954—	New York	71	125	12	28	5	0	8	30	.224
Major League Totals		196	405	48	101	14	4	22	71	.249

MONFORD MERRILL (MONTY) IRVIN

Born January 25, 1921, Orange, N. J.

Height 6' 1". Weight 195. Bats and throws right.

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1949—	Jersey City	63	204	55	76	18	5	9	52	.373
1949—	New York	36	76	7	17	3	3	0	7	.224
1950—	Jersey City	18	51	28	26	4	1	10	33	.510
1950—	New York	110	374	61	112	19	5	15	66	.300
1951—	New York	151	558	94	174	19	11	24	121	.312
1952—	New York	46	126	10	39	2	1	4	21	.310
1953—	New York	124	444	72	146	21	5	21	97	.329
1954—	New York	135	432	62	113	13	3	19	64	.262
Major League Totals		602	2010	306	601	77	27	83	376	.299

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951—	New York	6	24	3	11	0	1	0	2	.458
1954—	New York	4	9	1	2	1	0	0	2	.222
World Series Totals		10	33	4	13	1	1	0	4	.419

LAWRENCE JOSEPH JANSEN

*Born July 16, 1920, Forest Grove, Ore.**Height 6' 2". Weight 190. Batted and threw right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1940	Salt Lake City	31	22	214	20	7	194	148	69	52	2.19
1941	San Francisco	32	20	238	16	10	220	70	75	74	2.80
1942	San Francisco	32	12	173	11	14	222	46	39	83	4.31
1945	San Francisco	7	5	55	4	1	63	34	12	25	4.09
1946	San Francisco	38	31	321	30	6	254	171	69	56	1.57
1947	New York	42	20	248	21	5	241	104	57	87	3.16
1948	New York	42	15	277	18	12	279	124	54	111	3.61
1949	New York	37	17	260	15	16	271	112	69	111	3.84
1950	New York	40	21	275	19	13	238	161	55	92	3.01
1951	New York	39	18	279	23	11	254	145	56	94	3.03
1952	New York	34	8	167	11	11	183	74	47	76	4.10
1953	New York	36	6	185	11	16	185	88	55	85	4.14
1954	New York*	13	0	41	2	2	57	15	15	27	5.93

Major League Totals	283	105	1732	120	86	1712	826	401	683	3.70
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1951	New York	3	0	10	0	2	8	6	4	7	6.30

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1950	National	0	5	0	0	1	6	0	0	0.00

* Made coach, June 1954.

RAY KATT

*Born May 9, 1927, New Braunfels, Tex.**Height 6' 2". Weight 200. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1948	St. Cloud	97	335	52	107	23	6	6	57	.319
1949	Trenton	30	105	19	37	5	2	1	21	.352
1949	Sioux City	82	241	38	59	9	0	9	42	.245
1950	Sioux City	134	465	81	130	25	1	10	80	.280
1951	Minneapolis	117	354	56	109	27	0	11	57	.308
1952	Minneapolis	123	448	57	136	24	1	15	68	.304
1952	New York	9	27	4	6	0	0	0	1	.222
1953	Minneapolis	114	448	76	146	31	3	28	98	.326
1953	New York	8	29	2	5	1	0	0	1	.172
1954	New York	86	200	26	51	7	1	9	33	.255

Major League Totals	103	256	32	62	8	1	9	35	.242
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DONALD EUGENE LIDDLE

*Born May 25, 1926, Mt. Carmel, Ill.**Height 5' 10". Weight 165. Throws left, bats left.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1946—Auburn		10	4	49	6	3	48	52	62	36	6.61
1947—Mt. Vernon		19	11	131	9	7	76	190	57	28	1.92
1948—Pawtucket		36	3	110	5	6	111	84	85	45	3.68
1949—Pawtucket		16	10	105	11	2	84	102	49	21	1.80
1949—Hartford		19	9	117	8	5	109	76	69	45	3.46
1950—Atlanta		27	10	135	8	8	141	84	78	71	4.84
1951—Milwaukee		4	0	6	0	1	10	4	4	6	9.00
1951—Atlanta		36	9	191	14	6	164	132	89	62	2.92
1952—Milwaukee		34	12	197	17	4	179	159	68	59	2.70
1953—Milwaukee		31	4	129	7	6	119	63	55	44	3.07
1954—New York		28	4	127	9	4	100	44	55	43	3.05

Major League Totals	59	8	256	16	10	219	107	110	87	3.06
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954—New York		2	0	7	1	0	5	2	1	1	1.29

CARROLL WALTER (WHITEY) LOCKMAN

*Born July 25, 1926, Lowell, N. C.**Height 6' 2". Weight 180. Bats left, throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1943—Springfield		40	151	17	49	4	3	0	33	.325
1943—Jersey City		78	271	35	72	9	4	0	18	.266
1944—Jersey City		141	476	81	125	18	6	4	56	.263
1945—Jersey City		48	126	31	40	9	5	4	28	.317
1945—New York		32	129	16	44	9	0	3	18	.341
On National Defense List in 1946										
1947—New York		2	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	.500
1948—New York		146	584	117	167	24	10	18	59	.286
1949—New York		151	618	97	186	31	7	11	63	.301
1950—New York		129	532	72	157	28	5	6	52	.295
1951—New York		153	614	85	173	27	7	12	73	.282
1952—New York		154	606	99	176	17	4	13	58	.290
1953—New York		156	607	85	179	22	4	9	61	.295
1954—New York		148	570	73	143	17	3	16	60	.251

Major League Totals	1065	4261	644	1226	176	40	88	447	.288
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951—New York		6	25	1	6	2	0	1	4	.240
1954—New York		4	18	2	2	0	0	0	0	.110
World Series Totals		10	43	3	8	2	0	1	4	.186

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1952—National		3	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

SALVATORE ANTHONY (SAL) MAGLIE

*Born April 26, 1917, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Height 6' 2". Weight 190. Throws and bats right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1938—Buffalo		5	1	12	0	1	12	4	8	5	3.75
1939—Buffalo		39	0	101	3	7	102	62	42	56	4.99
1940—Buffalo		23	1	54	0	7	80	22	24	43	7.17
1940—Jamestown		7	6	56	3	4	54	41	15	17	2.73
1941—Elmira		43	22	270	20	15	231	148	107	80	2.67
1942—Jersey City		50	4	165	9	6	142	92	74	51	2.78
1945—Jersey City		14	7	88	3	7	91	41	33	40	4.09
1945—New York		13	7	84	5	4	72	32	22	22	2.36
1950—New York		47	12	206	18	4	169	96	86	62	2.71
1951—New York		42	22	298	23	6	254	146	86	97	2.93
1952—New York		35	12	216	18	8	199	112	75	70	2.91
1953—New York		27	9	145	8	9	158	80	47	67	4.16
1954—New York		34	9	218	14	6	222	117	70	79	3.20

Major League
Totals

198 71 1167 86 37 1074 583 386 397 3.06

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1951—New York		1	0	5	0	1	8	3	2	4	7.20
1954—New York		1	0	7	0	0	7	2	2	2	2.57

World Series Totals 2 0 12 0 1 15 5 4 6 4.50

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1951—National		0	3	1	0	3	1	1	2	6.00

WILLIE HOWARD MAYS, JR.

*Born Fairfield, Ala., May 6, 1931.**Height 5' 10½". Weight 175. Bats and throws right-handed.*

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1950—Trenton		Int.-St.	OF	81	306	50	108	20	8	4	55	.353
1951—Minneapolis		A. A.	OF	35	149	38	71	18	3	8	30	.477
1951—New York		N. L.	OF	121	464	59	127	22	5	20	68	.274
1952—New York		N. L.	OF	34	127	17	30	2	4	4	23	.236
1953		(U. S. Army)										
1954—New York*		N. L.	OF	151	565	119	195	33	13	41	110	*.345
Major League Totals				306	1154	195	352	57	22	65	201	.305

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1951—New York		N. L.	OF	6	22	1	4	0	0	0	1	.182
1954—New York		N. L.	OF	4	14	4	4	1	0	0	3	.286
World Series Totals				10	36	5	8	1	0	0	4	.222

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	POS	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1954—National		OF	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	.500

* Voted Most Valuable Player in National League for 1954.

* Led league.

JOHN WILLIAM (WINDY) McCALL

*Born June 18, 1925, San Francisco, Calif.**Height 6'. Weight 180. Throws and bats left.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1943—Olean											
Voluntarily Retired (National Defense List 1944, 45)											
1947—Roanoke		30	18	219	17	9	206	198	93	92	3.78
1948—Boston (A)		1	0	1	0	1	6	0	1	3	27.00
1948—Louisville		31	14	183	9	12	182	149	99	95	4.67
1949—Boston (A)		5	0	9	0	0	13	8	10	12	12.00
1949—Seattle		10	2	50	0	5	56	35	20	28	5.04
1949—Louisville		8	1	46	5	2	39	15	42	26	5.09
1950—Pittsburgh		2	0	7	0	0	12	5	4	7	9.00
1950—Indianapolis		20	6	104	7	7	111	82	60	61	5.28
1951—Indianapolis		28	10	171	10	9	173	111	92	86	4.53
1952—Indianapolis		7	0	28	2	3	34	9	22	19	6.12
1952—Birmingham		29	5	149	10	8	176	87	71	81	4.89
1953—San Francisco		36	9	151	12	7	145	91	55	51	3.05
1954—New York		33	0	61	2	5	50	38	29	22	3.25
Major League Totals		41	0	78	2	6	81	51	44	44	5.07

DONALD FRED MUELLER

*Born April 14, 1927, St. Louis, Mo.
Height 6'. Weight 180. Bats left, throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1946	—Jersey City	28	78	12	28	7	0	1	10	.359
1947	—Jacksonville	122	469	81	163	34	9	4	85	.348
1948	—New York	36	81	12	29	4	1	1	9	.358
1948	—Jersey City	99	400	67	131	17	4	10	52	.328
1949	—Minneapolis	28	119	21	37	7	2	2	72	.311
1949	—New York	51	56	5	13	4	0	0	5	.232
1950	—New York	132	525	60	153	15	6	7	84	.291
1951	—New York	122	469	58	130	10	7	16	69	.275
1952	—New York	126	456	61	128	14	7	12	49	.281
1953	—New York	131	480	56	160	12	2	6	60	.333
1954	—New York	153	619	90	*212	35	8	4	71	.342

Major League Totals	751	2686	342	825	94	31	46	343	.307
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951	—New York*	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1954	—New York	4	18	4	7	0	0	0	1	.389

World Series Totals	4	18	4	7	0	0	0	1	.389
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ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1954	—National	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1.000

* Led league.

* Injured; did not play.

JAMES LAMAR (DUSTY) RHODES

*Born May 13, 1927, Matthews, Ala.
Height 6'. Weight 180. Bats left, throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1947	—Hopkinsville	125	494	112	161	19	9	12	92	.326
1948	—Springfield (WA)	131	500	84	152	21	10	13	107	.304
1949	—Springfield (NE)	119	451	81	131	20	9	10	82	.290
1950	—Des Moines	45	161	24	42	11	3	2	29	.261
1950	—Rock Hill	78	297	56	90	13	9	14	54	.303
1952	—Nashville	89	345	72	121	29	4	18	68	.354
1952	—New York	67	176	34	44	8	1	10	36	.250
1953	—New York	76	163	18	38	7	0	11	30	.233
1954	—New York	82	164	31	56	7	3	15	30	.341

Major League Totals	225	503	83	138	22	4	36	116	.274
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1954—	New York	3	6	2	4	0	0	2	7	.667

FRANK V. SHELLENBACK

Born December 16, 1898, Joplin, Mo.

Height 6' 2". Weight 200. Threw and batted right.

YEAR	CLUB	G	IP	W	L	PCT	H	R	ER	SO	BB	AVE
1917—	Providence	24	139	9	6	.600	148	...	47	53	55	3.04
1917—	Milwaukee	8	62	3	3	.500	68	35	32	32	31	4.64
1918—	Minneapolis	3	...	1	2	.333	9	6	...
1918—	Chicago	28	183	10	12	.455	180	77	54	47	74	2.66
1919—	Chicago	8	35	1	3	.250	40	24	20	10	16	5.14
1919—	Minneapolis	20	109	7	3	.700	114	58	39	39	25	3.22
1920—	Vernon	47	299	18	12	.600	262	106	90	104	79	2.71
1921—	Vernon	39	268	18	10	.643	286	111	95	84	64	3.19
1922—	Vernon	5	9	1	1	.500	15	1	12	...
1923—	Vernon	43	286	19	19	.500	362	173	139	98	53	4.37
1924—	Vernon	29	212	14	7	.667	273	118	86	55	38	3.65
1925—	Sacramento	38	264	14	17	.452	297	133	96	91	61	3.27
1926—	Hollywood	34	230	16	12	.571	220	85	76	93	49	2.97
1927—	Hollywood	34	265	19	12	.613	271	115	90	106	68	3.05
1928—	Hollywood	38	272	23	11	.676	274	124	101	125	66	3.13
1929—	Hollywood	46	335	*26	12	.684	365	175	148	163	68	3.97
1930—	Hollywood	36	252	19	7	.731	304	151	130	111	59	4.64
1931—	Hollywood	36	306	27	7	*.794	305	118	97	127	61	2.85
1932—	Hollywood	36	322	*26	10	.722	343	133	112	119	48	3.14
1933—	Hollywood	38	314	21	12	.636	373	172	158	124	74	4.53
1934—	Hollywood	34	229	14	12	.538	259	127	106	80	50	4.17
1935—	Hollywood	26	200	14	9	.609	236	102	76	82	33	3.42
1936—	San Diego	15	102	6	7	.462	104	47	40	38	13	3.53
1937—	San Diego	6	16	0	1	.000	7	7	...
1938—	San Diego	0	0	.000
Major League Totals		36	218	11	15	.423	220	101	74	57	90	3.05

RECORD AS MANAGER

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	W	L
1935—	Hollywood	P. C.	Fourth	36	34
	(Second Half)		Eighth	27	65
1936—	San Diego	P. C.	Second (tied)	95	81
1937—	San Diego	P. C.	Third	97	81
1938—	San Diego	P. C.	Fifth	92	85
1948—	Minneapolis*	A. A.	Fifth	31	33

* Led league.

• Replaced by Billy Herman, June 20.

WILLIAM MICHAEL TAYLOR

*Born December 30, 1929, Alhambra, Calif.
Height 6' 4". Weight 210. Bats left, throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1947	Phoenix	60	250	47	84	15	9	5	65	.336
1948	Phoenix	140	610	103	193	36	11	11	144	.316
1949	Bremerton	146	599	106	203	35	13	18	130	.339
1950	Sioux City	105	376	82	130	36	2	30	109	.346
On National Defense List, 1951, 1952										
1953	Minneapolis	37	130	17	29	4	1	7	28	.223
1953	Nashville	107	406	75	142	21	2	22	93	.350
1954	New York	55	65	4	12	1	0	2	10	.185
Major League Totals		55	65	4	12	1	0	2	10	.185

HENRY (HANK) THOMPSON

*Born December 8, 1925, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Height 5' 10". Weight 175. Bats left, throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1947	St. Louis (A)	27	78	10	20	1	1	0	5	.256
1949	Jersey City	68	230	53	68	14	3	14	37	.296
1949	New York	75	275	51	77	9	4	9	36	.280
1950	New York	148	512	82	148	17	6	20	91	.289
1951	New York	87	264	37	62	8	4	8	33	.235
1952	New York	128	423	67	110	13	9	17	67	.260
1953	New York	114	388	80	117	15	8	24	74	.302
1954	New York	136	448	76	118	18	1	26	86	.263
Major League Totals		714	2388	403	652	82	32	104	390	.273

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951	New York	5	14	3	2	0	0	0	0	.143
1954	New York	4	11	6	4	1	0	0	2	.364
World Series Totals		9	25	9	6	1	0	0	2	.240

WESLEY NOREN WESTRUM

*Born November 28, 1922, Clearbrook, Minn.
Height 5' 11". Weight 190. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1941—Eau Claire		98	349	69	115	32	4	7	70	.330
1942—Little Rock		45	104	14	21	4	1	0	6	.202
On National Defense List, 1943, 1944, 1945										
1946—Jacksonville		103	327	57	90	14	3	8	56	.275
1947—Minneapolis		134	398	85	117	24	3	22	87	.294
1947—New York		6	12	1	5	1	0	0	2	.417
1948—New York		40	125	14	20	3	1	4	16	.160
1949—Jersey City		51	169	38	52	10	2	15	59	.308
1949—New York		68	169	23	41	4	1	7	28	.243
1950—New York		140	437	68	103	13	3	23	71	.236
1951—New York		124	361	59	79	12	0	20	70	.220
1952—New York		114	322	47	71	11	0	14	43	.221
1953—New York		107	290	40	65	5	0	12	30	.224
1954—New York		98	246	25	43	3	1	8	27	.181
Major League Totals		719	1962	277	430	52	6	88	287	.219

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951—New York		6	17	1	4	1	0	0	0	.235
1954—New York		4	11	0	3	0	0	0	3	.273
World Series Totals		10	28	1	7	1	0	0	3	.250

JAMES HOYT WILHELM

*Born July 23, 1923, Huntersville, N. C.
Height 6'. Weight 190. Throws and bats right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1948—Mooresville		31	25	250	20	7	243	198	92	94	3.38
1948—Knoxville		24	16	189	13	9	194	104	62	76	3.62
1949—Jacksonville		33	18	223	17	12	198	126	92	66	2.66
1950—Minneapolis		35	10	180	15	11	190	99	64	99	4.95
1951—Minneapolis		40	12	210	11	14	219	148	82	92	3.94
1952—New York		71	0	159	15	3	127	108	57	43	2.43
1953—New York		68	0	145	7	8	127	71	77	49	3.04
1954—New York		57	0	111	12	4	77	64	52	26	2.11
Major League Totals		196	0	415	34	15	331	243	186	118	2.56

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	CG	IP	W	L	H	SO	BB	ER	ERA
1954—New York		2	0	3	0	0	1	3	0	0	0.00

DAVID CARLONS WILLIAMS, JR.

*Born November 2, 1928, Dallas, Tex.**Height 5' 10". Weight 165. Bats and throws right.*

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1947	Waycross	132	464	147	131	34	10	8	75	.282
1948	Pensacola	132	535	119	165	30	10	12	62	.308
1949	Atlanta	138	513	92	149	21	7	2	62	.290
1949	New York	13	50	7	12	1	1	1	5	.240
1950	Minneapolis	138	536	113	150	28	6	17	65	.280
1951	New York	30	64	17	17	1	0	2	8	.266
1951	Minneapolis	80	293	61	84	9	5	12	49	.287
1952	New York	138	540	70	137	26	3	13	55	.254
1953	New York	112	340	51	101	11	2	3	34	.297
1954	New York	142	544	65	121	18	3	9	46	.222

Major League Totals	435	1538	210	388	57	9	28	148	.252
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WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1951	New York	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1954	New York	4	11	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000

World Series Totals	6	12	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
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ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

YEAR	LEAGUE	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
1953	National	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

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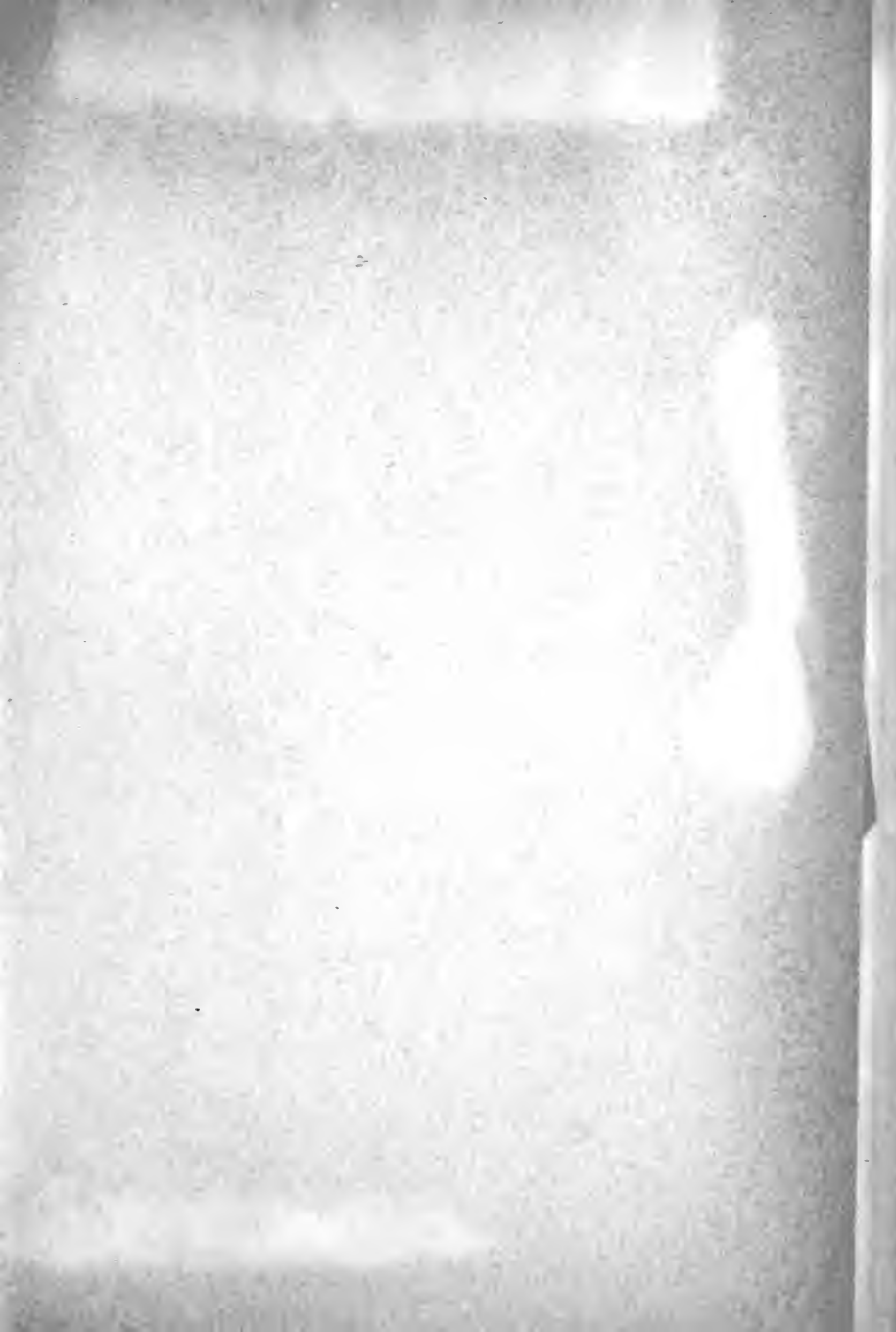
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